The War Cry
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THE KINGDOM.

"The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

As in the day when He who was our surety and substitute—that Light that should come into the world—sat by the side of the well of Sychar, so are there now divisions among the children of God, and barriers dividing the subjects of the one True King. Prominently are brought forward the divisions of Jew and Samaritan in that conversation, and that Jerusalem at which men "ought to worship" is spoken of contemptuously by her who following the traditions of her forefathers, held that in "this mountain" should men worship Israel's God. And to-day those inside the Kingdom, and those outside the Kingdom, according to each others theory, for the most part hold in light estimation those who do not follow out their own particular traditions, or accept such form of sound doctrine, of which they themselves are enamoured. Is seems to us however, that most of the divisions, and all of the jealousies and shibboleths which at the present time, admittedly disfigure Christianity are the outcome of a miscon-ception of what the Kingdom of God really is. Men to-day, just like the Jews and the Samaritans of old, seek to confine the Kingdom of God within the bonds of Church Government, or Army discipline, and to cramp up the free worship of a spiritual God into the narrow limits of a few articles of men's compilation, or a confession of Faith which was the outcome of the occult wisdom of a darkened age. And hence it is that too many of us look up our Church, our practice, our modes and measures, our system as the true way, and we hold, if not by our words, at least in our hearts and as a truth, serious doubts as to the fact that all others are outside the Kingdom altogether.

What is the Kingdom of God, and what is that spiritual worship which Christ told the Samaritan woman was the acceptable homage due to God? It is worth our while to consider this, for all of us, or at least all of us who desire to worship or make a profession of worshipping God, declare ourselves to be members of His Kingdom. The Kingdom of God is a distinct thing from the kingdom of the world, we are all agreed upon this; and that these two are the direct antithesis of each other. Well, the fact is this, the Kingdom of God is, simply, the way in which God governs men; and the world is the way in which men try to manage their own affairs without God's help or leave. That is the difference between them; and a most awful difference it is. Men fancy they can get on well enough without God; that the wages of the world are very reasonable, and useful, and profitable, and quite good enough to live by, if not to die by. But all the while God is King, let them fancy what they like; and this earth and everything on it, from the king on his throne to the mosquito in the sunbeam, is under His government, and must obey His laws or die. We then, my good friends, are in God's Kingdom, every one of us, whether we like it or not, and we shall be there for ever and ever. And our business is, therefore, simply to find out what are the laws of that Kingdom, and obey those laws as speedily and as closely as possible, and live forever thereby, but if we break them, and get in their way, they shall grind us to powder.

And this is that spiritual worship which God demands, and which only is acceptable to Him, the worship of the heart and life, faith developed into action, the homage of the dutiful, law-abiding, loyal subject of the King, and this loyalty to the Kingdom of light, this spiritual worship of the King of kings, which marks the true citizen of the Kingdom of God, also marks him as something different and distinguished from the citizen of the world.

Let us take an example of this. One of the laws of God's Kingdom is as follows: "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and whosoever abaseth himself shall be exalted." That is, whosoever, in any way whatsoever, sets himself up, will be pulled down again; while he who is contented to lie low, and think little of himself, will be raised up and set on high. Now the world's rule is the exact opposite of this. The world says, every man for himself. God's law is, every man for his neighbor. The world says every man must do the best he can for himself. If a man does not praise himself nobody else will praise him, and if he wants some place or position, the world thinks it is no harm if he gives himself the most showy character, and says all the good of himself he can, and covers up the harm—in short, to make himself out to be a much abrewder, or worthier man than he really is. The world does not call that, what it really is, boasting, and lying, and thrusting oneself into positions to which God has not called us. But the world says "Of course a man must turn his best side outwards. You cannot expect a man to tell tales on himself."

And the world would be quite right, and reasonable, and prudent in telling us to push, and boast, and lie and puff ourselves, if it were not for one thing which the foolish, blind world is forgetting, and that is that this earth is God's Kingdom, and that He is the God who judges the earth. Let the world try to forget God as it will, and the religions of the world, try to set up systems and rules and confessions, and creeds in the place of God as much as they will, still God does not forget the world. Let men try to make laws for themselves, laws about religion, laws about government, laws about trade, laws about morals and what they fancy is just and fair; let them make as many rules and laws as they like they are but wasting their time; for God has made His laws already and revealed them to us in His own statute-book—the Bible, and told us that the earth and mankind are governed in His way, and not in ours, and that He will not alter His everlasting rules to suit our new ones. He has made a law that cannot be broken. As David says: "Let the people be never so unquiet, still the Lord is King."

This is all very easy to say, but it is not so easy to believe it. Every one, every respectable person at least, is ready enough to talk about God, and God's will and so forth. But when it comes to practice; when it comes to doing His will, and not our own, when it comes to obeying His laws, and not the commandments and fashions of the world and men, then comes the time to see whether we believe that God is the King of the earth or not, then comes the time to prove if we are loyal subjects of His Kingdom, and having renounced the world we are determined to live as God's sons in God's Kingdom; then is the time to prove if we worship God in spirit and in truth, or whether our religion is some form of words, or way of thinking and feeling which we hope may save our souls from hell, but which has nothing to do with our daily life and conduct, and with our dealings with our fellow men.

Spiritual worship is not prayer and songs, and ecstacy, and hysterics and "going to glory." To be in the Spirit is not

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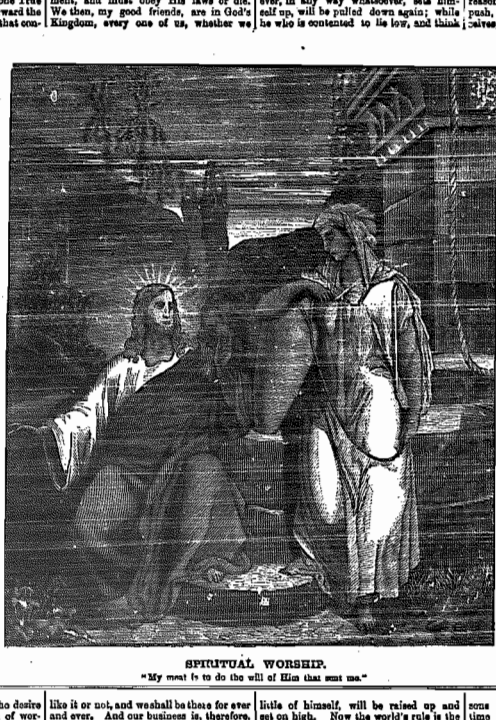

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me."

TOUR
—OF THE—
Household Band.

Over there, just over there,
We shall meet, just over there.

Its an old saying, and I suppose a very true one, in the majority of cases, that the best of friends have to part, true, we do not have very much time to make friends, as the longest we are in a town or city is two days, except on very special occassions, but God has seemed to have blessed us boys of the H. T. B. with such a cheerful and happy salvation, that our friends with whom we billet, seem to fall in love with us, almost (as the saying goes) at first sight, anyway you would think so, if you were at the depot in some of the towns and cities that we visit, just as we are leaving, and see the hearty hand-shaking, and hear the God bless you's pouring forth from hearts that have been touched by the spirit of God, to take the dear boys in, you would think, I say again, that we were leaving friends whom we had known for years, instead of just a few hours.

Just such another scene ensued the other morning, as with ears tucked under our nice warm fur caps, and collars up, we pace the icy carpeted platform of the depot at Uxbridge, waiting for the cars which are to bear us away to our next battle ground. Hallo! here she is, on goes the boys and the baggage, and once more we are whizzing away to the tune of 25 miles an hour, bible reading, meditating, a little talk here and there, on flats and sharps, and the last Christmas journal out, etc., when Lindsay, Lindsay, is heard resounding through these comfortably arranged cars, quickly arousing us, coats on, and out we bound, to find a nice crowd of friends to welcome us back on this, the occasion of our second visit. Fall in, and off we go to the tune of Bandmaster Fry's, now popular journal (Faiths assent) and my word our faith was indeed ascending, when suddendly as the swoop of an eagle, Father Frost presented himself on the scene, and soon had his teeth in one valve, and then another, now the slide of the trombone, till all the whole affair is a complete fixture, and we have to content ourselves with a silent march, to the evident amusement of the Lindsonians.

Holiness, why of course we believe in it, and you would think so if you were in some of our little afternoon gatherings. A few had come out this afternoon, who, with the boys, were bent on getting their empty pitcher filled, neither were we disappointed, for as the boys testified, and the Bandmaster without fear, delivered the whole council of God, showing what a true soldier should be, the power came down, and more than one, we believe, were led to reconsecrate themselves to God and his service afresh. Of course as all other christians, we have little difficulties to contend with, and here's a fresh one just cropped up, viz: as above mentioned, the freezing of the instruments, thus preventing us playing on the march at night, but only wait a bit, here's the Bandmaster coming along, smiling as usual all over his round happy face, and in less than it takes time to tell, the thing is no longer a difficulty, but in dead earnest, we set to and learn a few bugle marches. This done, and after a little refreshment, we sally forth, into the almost deserted streets. Deserted I suppose on account of the cold coming on so sudden, however, this is not for long, for soon there is signs of life, and in a very short time the streets present a very lively and animated appearance, away we go, right down the main street, with drums beating, colors flying, and all hands (instruments), on the buglemarch, which went with swinging effect, here we are, barracks, too, forward, can't get in yet, comes back from the door, for the dear folks had rushed on before us to get a good seat, thus the stoppage, anyway we are soon on the platform and ready for the fray.

We are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand.

thundered out our leader, and right from the very commencement to the pronouncing of the benediction, God seemed to help us in a wonderful manner, testimonies we bright and clear, one dear lad said, Friends, I walked six miles to go to the Army for the first time, came away disgusted, but had to go back soon after, thoroughly repentant, and thank God I got nicely saved." Hallelujah, more testimony and song, and everything is in full swing, and judging from the little bits of green paper flying about, a nice little sum was raised for the work for which we are travelling, no souls, people seem gospel hardened, anyway we go home feeling that we have done our duty with them, Amen.

The thought of once more going to Peterboro' stirs some happy memories of our last visit, and sure enough here's some of the old faces at the Depôt, come to meet us again. Off we go and soon find ourselves seated in the basement of the barracks with goose, turkey, beef, pie, etc., just another repetition of our last go here, for which we again tender our hearty thanks to Capt. Hind and her colleagues. "Good this afternoon," says one of the boys, "God was there"—believe him. At night, in spite of the cold biting winds, a large concourse of people gathered waiting for us on the march. Inside, great crowds, waves of power, blessings and salvation. "Oh! Lord, take the lead of this meeting, and if Thou dost all will be well," prayed one of the boys, and never were we more confident that God did lead and hold the reins of a meeting as He did at Peterborough. Talk about heavenly music. "It was just glorious," was the expression given vent to by an old veteran, and we thought so too. Here's Horatula No. II. on the job again, causing great amusement and laughter by his frequent ejaculations of "Peter very good," and "Hurry up," and so forth. This little bit of business settled, we again rush into the meeting. The 10th chapter of Acts was read by the man from Norfolk, dwelling on God being no respecter of persons, and, apparently, many were led to think seriously of their own condition in God's sight, but in spite of our earnest entreaties to surrender, they seemed to rush as one man from the building, leaving us to pray for them, whom we shall have to meet at the great judgment bar; but bless God when we do meet them not one will be able to accuse us of unfaithful dealing with them. Our prayers are "Lord save Peterboro'."

"Well boys, not so cold this morning," says someone. Causing me to think of the One who never changes, but who in spite of intense cold outside is able to keep our hearts, all the year around at Indian summer heat, hallelujah! We have a very pleasant ride this morning of thirty-two miles through some beautiful country. One of the boys caused a little sensation on this journey by accidently dropping his hat, and on going to fetch it "Puffing Billy" sta's off leaving him soon far behind; with a nice little walk of five miles, of which, I believe, he was none the worse. At last Port Hope is reached, this is a pretty little market town, and my word, what a sight, here's hundreds of folks come to see us arrive in. "Make way there," shouts someone, and soon we are stepping gaily out to some blessed old Army tune, thoroughly taking the people by surprise. The meeting in the afternoon, by way of an alteration, took the form of a free-and-easy, which was indeed a very enjoyable time, Scottie being full of the glory. The night march, as an officer said "Tops the lot," it seems the whole town are out to see us do the march past. Soon we are in one of the finest little halls that we have as yet been in in Canada, namely the opera house—pity it doesn't belong to the Army. "If the cross we boldly bear," is played and sung alternately, untill everybody seems to be properly at home. Our leader, Staff-Capt. Appleby, is in good form to-night, as was also the tall man with the "big pom-pom," round his neck (as a dear old lady once expressed herself) as with feeling he carries his audiences with him to the scenes of his former life in Whitechapel, and other parts of the east end of London, thrilling the people. A new solo by one of our glorious little troop was next sung, with the chorus, "I shall be among the angels by-and-bye," which was soon taken up by the people. A few more testimonies, one given by the lawyer's clerk, who said he ran away from his home when young, went deep in sin, and was rescued at last by the Army—shouts of praise God. "Calvary's stream is flowing," peals softly from the brass, when once more we entered into a rattling prayer meeting, finishing up with two souls coming to the penitent form. So closed another pleasant Saturday evening. Coffee and cake are provided for us in the house of a friend, previous to our journey to Cobourgh, which we reached about 11.30 p.m., tired but well saved. Yes, these Cobourghites know how to welcome you, for in spite of our almost mid-night arrival, there was quite a great crowd with Capt. Desson to meet us, and it is not long before we are comfortably settled down in the homes of our new found friends, and I'm pretty sure not very long after that in the land of sweet slumber.

Sunday, everybody seems in the height of expectation, for big things. Open-air at 10-30 opposite the Opera House. Oh, how those people listened, and drank in every word, especially as we sang on our knees, that old Army favourite. "Me, me He has pardoned, a rebel like me." They seemed rivitted to the spot, even the dear old church people had to stop and listen to what we had got to say. "Everybody come to the Holiness meeting," shouts the Captain, and in we go, followed by a goodly crowd. Splendid time, as one and the other spoke and sang, the glory of the Lord seemed to shine round us, and when at the close the Bandmaster gave the invitation, thirty-six stood up, and consecrated themselves afresh to God and the war, hallelujah.

Afternoon, oh how it did rain. "Surely they wont march this afternoon," whispered the people one to another, as they stand in the porch of the opera house; anyway, their minds were soon put to rest by the appearance of the boys on the scene, (for we believe in slogging whether it hails, rains, snows or blows.) Bang, bang, goes Mr. Parchment, and once more we are ploughing our way through the mud and slush, coming back more like drowned rats than human beings, but happy and jolly, and ready for anything on the board, in the shape of blessing the people and winning them for Jesus. This afternoon meeting is to be of a novel kind, each lad having to stand up, give his name, and where he was born, and whether he likes the business. "Now everybody make yourselves at home," says the Bandmaster, and I'm sure, by their smiling countenances, they must have taken his advice, and enjoyed themselves immensely. The lads pitched in right and left, first one from Yorkshire, now one from Scotland, then a "cockney" London, till the meeting is in a nice little boil. One lad—our worthy pianist, at the end of his bible reading, in one of his remarks said that he was so happy that he could almost jump inside out.

Evening, 7.30. In spite of continual downpour of rain the Opera House was comfortably filled with a very respectable audience. Started off with that grand old hymn, "Would Jesus have the sinner din?" almost making one wonder if he is in church or Salvation Army, is forced by some divine power, to join in with the singing, in we go, everything seems to be at death stillness as one after another we step up to the front to deliver the message and pour forth some red hot shot, into the camp of the enemy, finding, we believe, a lodging place in many a rebel's heart. Tears are seen to flow down many cheeks and fervent amens are uttered by soldiers and friends in the prayer meeting that followed, but as with other towns that we have visited, the people seem hardened, and hurriedly leave the building, seemingly heedless of their souls, which they know have to live for ever. The Bandmaster pronounces the benediction, and we disperse to our different billets, feeling rather sorrowful that no souls came forward, but feeling also that we had spent another blessed Sabbath in the service of God, and that we had done our level best for the Cobourg people.

Monday, of course we had been announced. There is going to be a banquet at 5.30 and a grand musical festival at 7.30; everybody is in high glee, but previous to all this, there is a tremendous holiness meeting on at three o'clock, which was, indeed a very refreshing time. Capt. Roffe cheered us all by his happy, bright and straightforward testimony to the blessing of sanctification.

Of course the boys are invited to the banquet, and as we are noted, or rather they say so, we did our part to clear the good things provided out of the way. This done, and after a little brush up we once more wend our way through another downfall of rain to the opera house which we find properly full of the right sort of people. This is to be a musical meeting as above mentioned, so we bring out all the latest songs and journals, putting all our souls into the business, as though it is going to be our last meeting on earth. Two or three of the boys testified to being saved and kept for the past six or seven years, evidently having great weight with the people, especially with the young men present. Once more the Dollar question and the *Rest Home* for sick officers are brought to the front, and of course, the now well-known Horatula No. II, the people seemed to contribute nobly, a nice little sum, I believe, being raised. More music, for its this the people have come for to-night, and more they get, but not without a few salvation shots in between from the boys reminding them that its not all brass with us. "This is beautiful," was heard from the lips of more than one, in fact one dear old Methodist lady said she had never experienced such times, and the more she saw of the Army the better she liked it. Hallelujah! The bandmaster gave part of his wonderful life amidst almost breathless silence, following up with an earnest appeal to the sinner, when after a short prayer meeting, it being rather late, we close, finishing up another blessed week end campaign, and reminded that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days.

Tuesday morning catch the 9:40 train for the nice little town of Oshawa, which we soon reach, and for the first time since we've been in Canada, we are ploughing our way through two or three inches of snow, making it rather difficult to get along. Reaching the centre of the town we strike up with a bugle march bringing the people out of the stores and offices to see us pass by. After a good square meal at the houses of soldiers and friends we hold a meeting in the barracks, subject, Washing. Good time, lots of people on the march at night and the barracks was comfortably filled with a respectable audience. Plenty of speaking, singing, praying and playing is the order of the evening, and much amusement was caused by the lawyer's clerk giving his testimony in Yorkshire dialect. The meeting had to be closed again without any visible results, but not without us doing our best to warn them and having a good rattling prayer meeting. Meet at two o'clock was the order issued by the bandmaster which was received with shouts by the boys, this giving them a little rest and a chance to sew on a button or two and other little jobs they have on hand. Punctual to time we met and very soon we were over the hills and far away, having walked nearly four miles to the depot to catch train for Port Perry. Had a bit of singing battle in the waiting room and in rolls once more the great iron horse which lands us in Port Perry just in time to swallow something good. Off to the town hall, short march. On our return we found place nicely filled when we had a splendid time, everybody seemed pleased and satisfied with the band, but did not seem to fall very much in love with the blessed Saviour Whom we did not fail to bring to the front. We left them in the care of our Heavenly Father, praying that we shall all meet in heaven at last.

E. T.

Snacks Picked Up by the Way.

Though wonderful have been our receptions, meetings, and farewells throughout the Dominion, the eleven days around the

Training Home Division were grand indeed.

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The power of God was manifested in a glorious manner, the meetings were full of life, precious souls were saved and altogether a very blessed time was spent.

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Uxbridge is rather noted for its musical talent, therefore the visit of the Household Troops' Band for a night was highly appreciated. The selections by the band were applauded again and again.

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"Hallelujah, hallelujah, I love Thee, my Saviour," by Teddy Tucker, was not only received with loud applause but was made a blessing to many poor souls present.

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The meeting throughout was conducted on true salvation lines and was one of power and blessing.

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As the autumn months pass away into obscurity winter is fast approaching, and already Jack Frost is commencing his pranks.

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The "boys" and their "tooters" are grand subjects, and of course, having no respect of persons great havoc is being played among the troops.

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Upon our arrival at Lindsay we at once fell in and the band struck up but almost as soon shut down. The biting frost had done its work and we had to be satisfied with a dead march through the town.

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All at once we heard the voice of the jovial bandmaster cry out, "Double," and the race to the barracks was engaged in by all.

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The meeting was well attended and some straight Gospel shots were fired into the camp of the enemy.

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Peterboro' again has a visit from the Household Troops' Band. Upon our arrival at the depot it was thought another dead march would have to be indulged in, but the ever ready bandmaster was equal to the occasion and a lively bugle call was struck up, which caused quite an excitement.

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The soldiers worked hard to get up a dinner for the Troops and succeeded in proper style. It is needless for me to say we did our part for we are becoming experts at this business.

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As the Troops marched through the town at night and sounded forth their bugle call crowds were attracted to the barracks.

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The meeting was full of power, life and blessing. The bandmaster laid down the laws of God in a striking manner and the meeting was brought to a close.

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Being market day things looked quite lively upon our arrival at Port Hope and a good crowd met the train to see what the Household Troops' Band was really like.

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The opera house was engaged for the night meeting and a very good crowd assembled together.

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The music and singing charmed the Port Hopers, who fell entirely in love with the boys.

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Definite and powerful statements backed home by the word of God were sent broadcast into the camp of the enemy, and we feel sure much good was accomplished.

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The supper after the meeting, which Capt. Macklin had arranged in a friend's house, was enjoyed by all, and was just the thing to strengthen and stimulate us, previous to our run to Cobourg.

Although approaching the hour of midnight, upon our arrival at Cobourg the shouting and hurrahs of the comrades, and the volleys sent forth on the still night air by the Soldiers of the corps was immense.

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As soon as possible we were in line, and to the lively strains of the band, we marched forward.

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Those who met the fast express were amply repaid for the sacrifice they had made, in loosing a few hours sleep. The scene was one of the most imposing the residents of Cobourg had ever looked upon.

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Quick march! Forward! was the order, and away went the band, proceeded by the advance guard and his A.D.C., the long string of Soldiers following close behind, while the vast crowds hurried along on either side.

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Capt. Desson had the arrangements well in hand, and upon our arrival at the barracks, we were made acquainted with our new friends, and soon after the "boys" were trying a midnight walk through the different parts of the town, to their billets.

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The meetings held in the Opera House all day Sunday, were times of great blessing.

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Notwithstanding the incessant pouring of rain, the crowds turned out well, and if everybody received as big a blessing as the Captain did, our visit to Cobourg will not be in vain.

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The power of God was manifested in a blessed manner at night. After the Bandmaster had delivered some red hot gospel truths, Capt. Amy, who seems especially adapted for prayer meeting work, took hold, and for some time, held the people spell-bound, and we feel sure much good was accomplished.

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The following is clipped from the Cobourg *Daily World*:—Staff-Capt. Appleby made tobacco chewing fairly wince Sunday morning. In talking to the Salvation Army he said: "I think some of you chew tobacco. Now, how do you converted people expect to hold sweet converse with Jesus while you are indulging in this filthy habit. If your are seeking a Saviour, how can you come to the penitent bench with a quid of tobacco in your mouth! And when you appear to the Judgment bar of Christ, will you ask for a plug! I don't like to talk to people with dirty filthy mouths—do you suppose God does."

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The great musical festival Monday night was a decided success.

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Vast crowds wended their way to the opera house, and were delighted with the music rendered by the band.

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Once more the old, and yet the ever new "Army A.B.O.," was received with loud applause. In fact from the first of the meeting everybody seemed to fall in love with the boys, and the two hours spent together seemed as but a few minutes.

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With busbies pulled down and collars turned up, the boys made their appearance at the Depôt Tuesday morning, *en route* to Oshawa.

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The cold snapping air, though new to the Troopers, was very refreshing, and acted as a good stimulant for the day's work.

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Train going west, one hour late was the not overly charming news which greeted us upon our arrival at the Depôt. However, the time soon slipped by, the boys making the best of it. Some standing in groups talking, some reading, while others did a quick step up and down the icy platform.

Upon our arrival at Oshawa we at once started for the town—distance one mile and a half. The walk was enjoyed immensely, this being our first tramp through the snow.

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To the steady step of the bugle call we marched through the town, causing a merchant, clerk and customer to rush to the door wondering what was the matter.

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The many friends who so kindly cared for us during our previous visit, again stepped forth with their hospitality, and inside of an hour every bandsman was sheltered from the storm and cared for. Hallelujah.

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The meeting was well taken hold of, and in the vicinity of the Town Hall, things we kept quite lively.

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The noted Hildrith made himself quite famous, and caused roar of laughter as he addressed the audience in his native brogue.

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Aside from the singing and playing, the claims of God were laid down in a striking manner, and we feel sure much good will be the outcome of our farewell visit to Oshawa.

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The cold frosty air was very biting and severe, especially did the boys find it so, nevertheless the quick march across the country to Whitby, *enroute* to Port Perry, kept the blood well circulated, and we arrived at the Junction, feeling none the worse, in fact rather better for our tramp. Hallelujah.

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Our arrival in the evening at Port Perry, caused a great commotion. In spite of the severe weather, the people were all alert, and in their own peculiar way, gave us a hearty reception.

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Although the Captain had only received word a few days previous to our coming, she had it well noised abroad. Our Ministerial Brethren coming nobly to the help of the Lord, announced our visit from their respective pulpits. God bless them. Amen.

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The boys entered into the meeting with all their hearts, and a good lively, free and easy sort of a time, was engaged by all.

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Those present were highly delighted with Bandmaster Appleby and his talking cornet, while bandsman Green kept things generally lively, and caused great laughter as he compared the long faced religionist with the happy Salvationist.

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Throughout it was one of the most blessed meeting held in Port Perry for some time.

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Notwithstanding the extreme changes in the weather, the cold biting frost one day, another of pouring rain the next day, the boys are well saved, and in proper fighting trim. Hallelujah.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

"Let a man believe in you, and he will believe in what you teach."—*The General.*

"God has arranged to save man by man and upon the energy and wisdom of the worker He has largely made the results to depend. The Jesus who has dried my tears in the past will be with me to banish them in the future; the Jesus who has enabled me to rise superior to my own weakness, manifold infirmities and shrinking cowardice in the past, will be with me to lead and go before me, making me more than conqueror—not through any power or might of my own, but through the power and strength and sufficency of His Holy Spirit, which He promises again now to every heart that will claim it."—*Mrs. Booth-Tucker.*

From Away Back Beyond the Rockies.

Salvationists are free, aint they? Well I won't be tied by anything. I want to write a piece for the WAR CRY and I'm going to do it right now. I tried to last night but gave it up, but it goes this time.

I want to tell you I am blessedly saved every day and having a splendid time. I am about 175 miles from any corps and not a professing Christian in the place but myself. Its only a small railway place and most all railway people. We have two Indian Mission Churches, Church of England and Roman Catholic, and service about once a month. I was to the Church of England service once when there was only an Indian and myself. The minister and I went through the service alone. No mistake it was a dry meeting to me as I was not used to their service. Hallelujah! I'm glad I can have a meeting in my own style alone with God and the unseen batallions. But I tell you I would like to be with the Blood-and-Fire Army once in a while for I have been a soldier for two years and haven't forgot the good old times and I do get hungry sometimes to be with them again.

I'm not on a ranch without much company for I'm a railway boy and sling lightning. I have lots of company all the time though they are not saved. God keeps me separated like a black sheep, they use me well and I am believing to see some of them saved. I don't see a saved person for a month sometimes and then I see them on the train which stops for meals here. I see most of the officers when they pass which encourages me to keep good and work harder.

I suppose you wonder why I don't leave such a place. Well I think God put me here and I don't want to run away from the cross like the fellow I read about in the WAR CRY who left his boarding house because it was a cross to stay there. The devil tries to get a hold on me sometimes by trying to get me to covet other positions and says you can do better in some other place, get more money, &c., but I am not living to make a fortune. There is a big man with queer things on his collar that knows about the time I will leave here and I hope he will say pretty soon, I'm getting anxious and lonesome.

I had a *telecum* near here that I used to talk with fifty miles away, not by a telephone either, and he was a great help to me but he went home over three weeks ago and I miss him very much, but Father has taken his place who is more to me than a whole corps of comrades.

God don't let me go hungry, He knows all about me here and sends the WAR CRY and *All the World* which I like to see come better than Christmas. I tell you that if the soldiers only got a copy of *All the World* they would subscribe for it. I am going to send some to my friends as Christmas cards instead of the old kind. You won't go to sleep if you read it, it helps keep my salvation muscle up. There are lots of Chinamen here and I bought some books to learn China talk with but they were for Chinamen to learn English and no good for a "mellican man" to learn Chinese so I gave it up. I am believing to be a Chinaman some day though. The Chinaman have to be saved as well as the Indians, and I am willing to be a Chinaman, pig-tail and all to get them saved. I hear rumors of war from the Old Country so I take heart.

Well I won't write too long this time so must close. I am real glad I stuck to the fight though it was tough, I kept getting higher and higher by little things as stepping stones. Comrades come on, stick to your guns, its better on before I know. God keep you and me true to the great S. A.

Yours till death silences me,

TICK-A-TICK.

North Bend, B. C., Dec. 12th, 1888.

be either absent from the body, or out the mind. The worship of spiritually inded men in faith in action, the daily bearing of self-forgetfulness and self-nial, the everlasting homage of saintly mility, the perpetual ministering to d in the person of His ever present poor, d suffering, and sinful ones. In a word, re religion and undefiled before God is is. To visit the fatherless and the dow in their affliction, and to keep one's lf unspotted from the spirit of the world, hich is selfishness, vain-glory, devilish-ness.

allelujah Bob to the Front Again!

ome Notes of a Specialling Tour

STAFF-CAPT. MCHARDY.

EAR WAR CRY,

It is now over a year since I addressed u after this fashion. I have no doubt at you are aware that I have had little no opportunity of reporting meetings in ur valuable columns, seeing that my bors for God were not directly on the ul-saving line, but as it has pleased Him again place me where I have the privi-ge of doing so, it is with pleasure I com-ence to report the first week's meetings yself and Capt. Howell have conducted.

I might just say that we spent a few ys at my home in Guelph before leaving Norwich. The captain desired that we ould take the Friday night holiness eeting, also the Sunday meetings which did; the visible result being thirty-ght for holiness of heart and seven adults salvation, also four children.

This encouraged us very much and as took the 6:20 a.m. train on Tuesday Norwich we did it confident that God d gone before us and prepared the way. is passage of Scripture came with much eetness and power while on the journey, Fear not for I am with thee; be not mayed for I am thy God. I will help ee, yea I will strengthen thee, yea I ll uphold thee with the right hand of righteousness."

Now I desire to make this report in-esting to you and I have been thinking ich way would be best. I have deci-d to write it from my diary.

Tuesday, Dec. 11th—Did not hear the nductor call out Norwich. We were sily engaged talking and had no idea we re near the place. He stopped the in as it was moving out and let us off, is verse came to me, "My sheep know voice." Yes, even if we are busy king.

We arrived just in time for dinner. ent to officers' quarters in the afternoon ere we talked of spiritual things for a ple of hours. "They that loved the rd speak often one to another and the rd heard it."

Forty soldiers were present at roll-call, a sister went off under the power, half a zen were seeking purity.

Wednesday, Dec. 12—Took a constitu-nal walk this morning, only about one ndred present at night meeting. The rit of God had right of way as far as we re concerned and deep conviction rested the people. One sinner saved. A sol-r said he felt all bulged out since last ht's meeting. Very little prevailing yer in prayer meeting.

Thursday, 13—We had a holiness meet-this afternoon, nineteen present. One ng man who wept last night got ed while the meeting was going on, he up and testified. He said, "Since night the hand of God has lain heav-upon me, but I now know His spirit wers to the Blood and tells me I am n of God." Stormy night, about one ndred people present, among them two thodist ministers, two converts on the tform, one of them in the march. Capt. well read and spoke from this verse of ipture, "Hell has enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure." No one forward.

Friday, 14—There were only ten persons present at the holiness meeting, one got saved—the wife of the man saved yesterday. One got sanctified—a dear fellow was struggling with inbred sin and dabbling with tobacco. There was a minister at this meeting. One hundred and fifty people at evening meeting. We kept holding on till 10:20 before anyone came forward. One lassie came down sobbing followed by a middle-aged woman, and presently two more were crying aloud for pardon. Wound up by having a march around the barracks.

Saturday 15.—Twenty-two at Holiness meeting to-day, one who got saved last night testified and said, This is the first day for ten months that I have not cursed God. This was a young woman, three who got saved since we came here testified. Increase of crowd this evening. Another battle, but victory in the way of three at the penitent form, two got through. God is helping us to deal out the plain unvarnished gospel.

Sunday 16.—Raining. Among the number who were at knee-drill was Capt. Jim Dougherty, who stayed with us all day. Raining still at 11 o'clock. It also rains blessing inside, four came forward in the afternoon, one woman and three big men, one was praying very loud, I heard him say, "oh God you know how I have grieved you, how I have sinned, but you have promised to forgive me, oh forgive me Lord. Do!"—He did. It continues to rain, our crowd this Sunday evening amounts to about 200, this was a real "hell and damnation" meeting. I know God's law was laid down lovingly and firm, the first to cry for mercy was a young man, before he volunteered out he shook in his seat, the second was a young girl, the third, an old lady, forth, middle aged woman, fifth, young married woman, this one was sitting near the front all through the first meeting, but had worked her way to the back seat while prayer meeting was going on. The sixth to come forward was a big stalwart man, He said to me, when I asked him if he would come forward, "you don't know how bad I am." Before the meeting closed sixteen of the converts testified, counting those who had came forward in the evening meeting. We had a wave offering, and furnished singing. "The children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing."

Monday 17.—Our last day here. Had dinner with a parson. Another drizzling day, but the largest crowd yet assembled at the barracks, and gave good attention as I related God dealing with me since giving Him my heart. Just as the meeting was closing, clap! clap! goes the hands of one of the soldiers, over she goes under the power, just as she fell, up the isle came a sinner making for the penitent form. I was also pleased to see how the dear soldiers took hold in prayer. No coaxing to-night, nor for some nights back, things have been gradually going up, up. I went to speak to a young lady with a plain hat and jacket, who was leaning her head on the back of a chair. I was equally surprised to find out that it was the young lady who was at the penitent form the other evening, but who had laid aside her feathers and fashion.

A few parting words to the soldiers and converts, and we closed by singing "Praise God from whom all blessing flow."

The visible result of the meeting being twenty-one for salvation, and nine for sanctification, let God be glorified.

We move on to Simcoe, let your prayers follow us.

The gendarmes at Neuchatel, Switzerland, force their way into the officers' quarters, use abusive language, and handle them roughly.

At the trial of our comrades in Helena, Montana, Col. W. F. Sanders, one of the ablest attorneys in Montana, kindly championed their cause, gained victory in the court, and refused pay for his services.

Army work under Mr. Chas. Studd is under way in Lungan-fu. They have marched the streets with five in line. Two banners, a bass drum, gong, and a pair of cymbals constitute a part of their war outfit.

NEW YEAR'S CHIPS

—FROM—

YORKVILLE T. H.

STAFF-CAPT. READ.

Here is an extract from a letter which I recently received from an officer in the field:—"Oh I do want to live that God shall be glorified in me, using every opportunity to extend His glorious kingdom, that no blood-spots of precious souls be found on my hands, but that I may be one of those whom David says shall stand before God, they having clean hands and a pure heart.

* * *

We had a good rousing time at Centre Street a few nights ago. All the cadets were there, and the open-air march was unique. The Yorkville students took hold well with solos, testimonies, &c. Horatula No. 8 is coming on. Keep believing for great things from the undergraduates of the T. H.

* * *

We were bombarding on Yonge Street a few days ago. One poor fellow came into the ring weeping, and told me that he had lost his "all" through drink. He knelt at the chair in the mud but refused to give up. While he was there another drunk was doing a jig in the middle of the ring. We are making it hot for the devil in the open-air. Each boy mounts the pulpit, (an old backless chair).

* * *

Yet another extract from a field officer's letter to another who had helped him greatly, spiritually:—"You were as big a blessing to me as Balaam was to his ass, often you used to fetch me a great feed of of corn when I was hungry, and God will reward you for it." Bless His name.

* * *

Had a visit from Capt. Andrews a short time ago. His leg is sore but his heart is right, and he feels the Army fire burning in his very bones, and he is eager to get into the fray.

* * *

The light "Wait" is pushing ahead, making his mark in visiting, &c. Standley (not the explorer) means business. The Grey northwester loves to drive round the advertisement board for Jesus sake. The Dane, the Glencoe brave, the three wonders from Goderich, and all the other cadets generally are pegging away, keeping well on the devil's track. Boys! keep things moving!

* * *

The devil led one of the cadets to go home and he has recently written a letter to a comrade regretting that he ever took such a terrible step. Boys! the devil will say to you, "Cast thyself down." Be on your guard. A soldier cannot do an officers' work, never.

* * *

Oh, the number there are who, in an ungarded moment gave in to the allurements and enticements of the arch-fiend! Now, no sacrifice would be too great if they could only get back the joy, power, and influence which they once had; but remorse has set in, all in blackness and darkness, and if they don't wake up the result will be an eternal hell of remorse. Oh, ye Yorkville boys, beware!

* * *

You are holding back from making your application and the Judgment Day soon coming on. Do make up your mind and rush to the front.

* * *

Said the converted Dane in a testimony after visitation: "I've had such a grand victory this afternoon that if I had a pair of wings I would fly."

* * *

We had a good time at Eglinton not long since. Leaving the barracks and marching up the hill we formed a ring near a tony hotel. We had got to our knees when the lady (?) of the house rushed out saying, "Be off, this is private property." At the same time a man well primed with liquor laid hold of me by the shoulder and tried to push me away, but the devil got boycotted. We moved off the private property, formed a line in the high road, and to the disgust of the devil and his dupes, we poured some red-hot shot into the enemy. It was a decided victory. The cadets stood to arms well. The Hallelujah sing-song meeting inside was real good.

* * *

I was sitting in my room when there came a rap at the outer door. I opened it and there stood a man who, by his appearance, and the strong smell of liquor attached to his person, had evidently been on the drunk. On looking into his countenance I recognized him as one I was talking to a few nights previous in an Army meeting. With tears in his eyes, and looking into my face, he said, "Captain, God Almighty is stronger than the devil." Then he told me how he was troubled in his home, telling me the number of his house and asking me to call and see him when he was sober. With that he put his arms round my neck and rushed out into the street as fast as possible, leaving me to ponder over what I had seen and heard. I felt more convinced than ever that drunkards, swearers, harlots, and every other kind of sinner see in the Army a place of refuge, where they can fly to with their troubles. May God give us all more wisdom and love to deal with such.

* * *

To intending candidates. Comrades, here are a few awful realities:—A burning eternal hell for the wicked. The world lies in the hands of the devil. Your life is not your own. God has called you to be a soul-winner. Every day you delay hundreds are streaming down to perdition. Every day you hold back increases your condemnation. The judgment may be very near. God needs you; the Army needs you. Then jump into the breach and cry, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?"

With the Army in a Snowstorm.

In a small stone house, on M—— Street.
A mother sat in her cozy seat;
The gas was lit, the fire burned bright,
For rough and cold was the wint'ry night;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Around was quietly falling.

O'er the threadbare garments many wore,
It threw a robe like the priests' of yore,
And the children rushed away to the street,
Impatient the dancing snow to greet;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Around was quietly falling.

Glad bells rang out on the frosty air,
Throwing their music everywhere,
"Blest peace and goodwill, goodwill and
peace,"
As if their message never should cease;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Around was quietly falling.

And steadily through that busy street,
Went a group, with flag and band complete;
And people heard, as they passed along
Christ was their theme, Salvation their
song;
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes
Kept on quietly falling.

The mother hears the boisterous wind,
And draws more closely curtains and
blind;
But a care-cloud rests upon her brow,
Like shadows cast by some leafy bough;
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes
Kept on quietly falling.

At length Fred enters, her only boy,
His face lit up with the purest joy;
One glance, and her care-cloud floats away,
Like darkness fades at the light of day;
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes
Kept on quietly falling.

For easy, generous, sinful Fred,
So soon to ruin by others led,
Who thought it "quite as good as a play"
To hear what that Army lot would say,
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Kept on quietly falling.

Was found on that happy Christmastide,
And closely drawn to the Saviour's side;
And he learnt the angels' song was true,
"Glad tidings, great joy I bring to you."
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes
Kept on quietly falling.

But the coarsest jokes a crowd could hurl,
Did not prevent a frail-looking girl
From telling the Saviour's wondrous love,
Reaching the depths from His throne
above;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Kept on quietly falling.

She tells the Cross-story full and clear,
Then the careless listeners disappear,
But a man, whose face is marred and sad,
Asks, "Is there mercy for this poor lad?"
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Kept on quietly falling.

Again that wonderful love is told,
Again her faith grows earnest and bold,
She pleads till the man is "saved" and
free,
And says, "Lord, I feel You died for me."
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes
Kept on quietly falling.

Angels once more rejoice and sing,
O'er trophies won for the new-born King;
And the lass on whom so many frown,
Marches bravely onward to her crown;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Kept on quietly falling.

And daily throughout our sin-stained land,
Men touch the Master's pitying hand.
From homes of ease, and the haunts of sin,
Thus are the prodigals gather'd in;
And still the flakes of a thousand shapes,
Kept on quietly falling.

Ring on, merry bells! be glad, oh, earth!
Rejoice again at the Saviour's birth;
On Bethlehem's plain, and Calv'ry's
height,
Mercy, compassion, and love unite;
While the snow, in flakes of a thousand
shapes,
Around is quietly falling.

P.

GONE TO HEAVEN.

Comrade Beard from Alliston

Bro. Beard was one of the early converts in Canada. I met him first a year ago while stationed in Beeloo and he told me what a man he had been before he had seen the Army. But the love of God through them constrained and broke his hard heart and brought him to Christ and there the burden rolled away and the light of heaven broke in on him and sent him on his way rejoicing. Ever since, wherever he was, he held up Christ and the Army. Some years ago he settled down in Alliston and did all he could to get the Army into the place. After much prayer and believing he succeeded and he has been a faithful soldier to God and the Army. Since I have been with this corps I have found Bro. Beard a soldier brave and true for God and the right, always at his post and willing to take hold and do anything for Jesus. A week ago Saturday he was at the meeting and testified to the saving power of God and he seemed so much in earnest for the salvation of souls. That night he was taken down sick and was not able to come out again and when we visited him though his body was racked with pain we could see that his Christ and salvation was a reality. I asked him if Jesus was precious and he looked me in the face and said, "Oh, yes. He is near and the blood does flow and washes me clean." He said, "If anything happens me I want to be buried by the Army," and he got his heart's desire, and on the Friday following he passed away and his last words were, "Oh, Hallelujah," with his hand up. On Saturday was the funeral, we had a blessed time. As we met around the grave it was heartbreaking time. On Sunday night we held our service in the barracks and it was full. Hearts were touched and felt the need of the Saviour and to be ready for death. God grant it may be a blessing to this town.

CAPT. A. NESSA.

Bandsman W. Wood, from Winnipeg

Bandsman Wm. Wood of the 214th Corps, Winnipeg, on the 14th day of December, 1888, was promoted from a bed of pain and sickness to his mansion in a land where there is no sickness or death. Our comrade was converted on the 12th of December, 1886, at the opening of the work in Manitoba, being the first convert, as one said "The night brother Wood came forward to the penitent form and gave his heart to God, and as he found peace and gave his first testimony, many wondered what it all meant, while others laughed, but to-day we all prove its reality." Our comrade has been sick for some seven months, and has suffered intensely, but was never heard to murmur or complain, he was taken to the Hospital twice, the last time he was sent out as incurable and taken to the home of one of the Sergeants, where he was cared for, and where soldiers, bandsman and officers visited him, and where profited by it, seeing how patient our dear comrade was through it all, although he could talk but very little. Having confidence in God that doeth all things well, we all expected that he would pass off soon, but he went when least expected. A few days before he died he requested me to give him a S. A. funeral, I said "Do you expect it to be soon," he said "It can't be long now," I spoke of his being ready, he said it was all right, Praise God. The afternoon before he passed away I was with him, and he seemed to be very low, as I turned him in his bed being racked with pain he never murmured, but bore it patiently, and before I left his bedside he requested me to come in the morning and stay with him, he then said "Good-bye, God bless you Captain." It was then 6·30 p.m., little did I think at 11 p.m., that, that good-bye was to be until we met at the resurrection morning. On Sunday we met the barracks and marched to the house where six of the bandsman shouldered the coffin and we marched to the barracks where we had a very impressive service, although none made a surrender, yet many stood up to meet our comrade in Heaven. Then the procession down the main street, 60 soldiers singing "Death is coming, and the Judgment day," and "Haste away to Jesus," it must have made a great impression upon the crowds that lined the streets. The memorial service at night was a grand time, as the comrades spoke of our departed comrade as being a faithful soldier since the day of his conversion, and now we believe that he has gone to wear the crown of life, one backslider came out and gave herself up to God, and desires to be a soul winner, comrades who are left prove true to God and the Army, Amen.

CAPT. FRANK HAM.

THE TRAINING HOMES.

YORKVILLE.

Hallelujah! We can thank God this morning because we are keeping nicely saved, but we are not only nicely saved ourselves but we are doing all in God's power and strength to get others converted. We have some blessed seasons together, when God comes down in our midst with His mighty overwhelming power and draws us nearer Himself. We also get greatly blessed when out visiting and WAR CRY selling. Although we get many shots we have on the whole armour of God and it is only so much shot wasted, in fact it is often in the places where we are abused and the door is slammed in our faces that we are mostly blessed and feel thankful to God that He has made us worthy to suffer, nay rather to enjoy, persecution for His name sake. It is extraordinary how some people mistake our object and misconstrue our motives and methods when out visiting. We have also some very queer remarks made to us whilst out WAR CRY selling. One man, whilst out last Saturday, took us very earnestly to account and solemnly recommended us to go to work, saying what a pity it was to see young strong looking fellows like us idling away our time in that way and taking away the living off the newspaper boys. Another one told us we would do better to go and saw wood. But through it all we keep smiling and pleasing God rather than man, and He blesses our efforts, for it is not all rebuffs. While many refuse us admission and turn us from their doors, there are others who receive us joyfully and do all that they can to encourage us. There is one case in particular which I should like to mention. Whilst out visiting one day last week with another cadet, we knocked at a certain house and a woman came to the door. We asked her if we might come in and have a word of prayer with her. She at first refused, but after having a little talk with her outside she allowed us to come in, when we at once bombarded her about her soul. She was at first very stubborn, saying that although she was not saved, she was as good as most people. We then read the word of God to her and told her of the Saviour who died to save her, untill God completely broke her down and she fell on her knees and cried to God for mercy. We then got down and prayed for her and it was not long before the Light came streaming into her soul. Before we left she told us that she realized her sins were pardoned and that she was a child of God. One of our comrades called at her place the latter part of the week, when she bought a WAR CRY and gave her testimony to the fact that she was still saved. Thank God we feel that He is teaching us and preparing us for the work He has got before us. Amen!

CADET DAVID SYMONS.

ST. JOHN.

We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Through the Blood of the Lamb,
And we ne'er will retreat though we die,
Til the conquest we've won by the Cross.
Hallelujah!

We Training Home girls, with the aid of the blood-and-fire soldiers and converts of Waterloo, are in for victory. We can not only report victory in our own souls, but victory on the Lord's side. The devil is being defeated and souls are being delivered from the power of sin and Satan unto God. Our hearts yesterday (Sunday) were made glad to hear the testimonies that were given from those who were once so sunken in sin and degradation of the power of God to save and keep. Praise God forever! We were also led to rejoice over seeing three precious souls weep their way to Calvary and have proved there was power enough in the Blood to cleanse even their vile hearts, glory to God!

CADET JAMES TUTTLE.

* * *

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Our meetings during the past week have been times of gladness to us and must have been interesting to heaven if they still rejoice over repentant sinners. From five souls we have heard the first cry that the Spirit awakens in the heart of the lost, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer of eighteen hundred years ago, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," brought peace to their troubled hearts.

One young man lately converted thought he could be a Christian and still have fellowship with the world. He tried this way for a while but God claimed every desire of his heart, every power and possibility of his nature, and on Tuesday morning he gave himself fully into the hands of God and is now proving that those who trust God wholly find Him wholly true. Salvation is of the Lord therefore to Him be all the glory.

ONE OF THE [illegible].

Here and There.

SCRAPS FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S BLOTTER.

Six souls out for salvation the seco evening after the opening of Kurunega (Ceylon) barracks.

Badolla, the capital of Uva province India, has just been opened. The pr pects are very bright.

Sixteen ex-prisoners turned out in Army procession, at Colombo. T speaks well for the Prison Gate Work.

At Samarkha, Gujarat, the nati climb into the trees in order to obtain good position for seeing and hearing officers.

"Sailor Sammy" (Captain Alfred) steadily advancing with his Kaffir W Since he landed one hundred and thi souls have got saved.

At Paarl eighteen precious souls h found salvation during the past week dronkards have come to Jesus and marching in our ranks.

A man was saved at Queensland, Au tralia, and remembering an employ whom he robbed fifty years before, se money to pay the original amount w fifty per cent. interest.

At 3 p.m., Oct. 8th, Captain White, Calais, Maine, could not walk across room. The Lord healed her so that at p.m. she was able to walk a mile to barracks.

Major Dale has been out five wee holding tent meetings. He reports 18,0 persons present at the night services, a fifty souls professing salvation and seven sanctification.

This comes from a colored comra down South: "I'm done struck chilre wid this ere a runnin' in an' out; if y goin' ter hevin stick on ther main line, s don't get switchin' on ter-side tracks."

Two football matches were recent compelled to be postponed in Scotla owing to the principals getting into Gospel net in an Army barracks throu the instrumentality of a hallelujah lad a lass.

The circulation of the New Zeala "War Cry" has reached sixteen thous seven hundred weekly. Not so bad th for only six hundred thousand inhabitan

Capt. Burkenshaw, who was station in London at the "Grecian," has be promoted Staff-Captain, and appoint A. D. C. to Major Spratt, of North N South Wales Division.

Major Sowton has safely arrived in h new and chilly sphere of labor (Norwa well in body and soul, and confident of ma ing a move all round. The General opens new hall and headquarters next month Kristiania.

Utrecht is going splendidly. Souls a getting saved, and everything promises a proper victory. Capt. Ellis' Engli comrades will be glad to hear that she well and taking hold of things in first-ra style.

Advance, Australasia! We must co gratulate our colonial comrades on th splendid self-denial effort. Not less th one thousand pounds is on the way to w being Australasia's contribution towar helping push the news of salvation furth and faster, and into every corner of th earth.

Mrs. Bragadier Fielding is engaged the Rescue Work in that darkest of dark cities, 'Frisco. The scenes witness and the difficulties encountered by t noble band of Rescue lasses there almo surpass imagination, but, in spite of a progress is being made, and many brig cases have been rescued and saved.

Good news comes in still from that la of learning—Germany. At Kiel, me souls have been saved, among them, t boatswains belonging to the Imperi Navy. While at Stettin, another gr port and manufacturing town, prelimina meetings in some private houses are bei held, some souls saved, and, already, th are eight men and women eager to be e rolled as soldiers. In the south, at Essli gen, Capt. Toder, lately from the State also reports that the interest and the co gregations are alike growing.

Trust in the Lord.

W. S. O.

The Psalmist says, "Blessed is the man [wh]ose trust is in the Lord, he shall be [as] Mount Zion which cannot be removed, [bu]t abideth forever." Thank God for the [bl]essed promises contained in His word [fo]r all those who commit themselves un[con]ditionally into His care and trust in [H]im. But what a lot of Christians have [co]me under my notice during my religious [ex]perience who can put their trust in the [L]ord, while the sun is shining brightly [ov]erhead, with plenty of flour in the [ho]use, and while good health and prosper[it]y accompanies all that their hands find [to] do, but, alas! when clouds and darkness [ga]ther round and the bread of adversity or [th]e waters of affliction overtake them, their [co]untenance falls like the mercury in a [th]ermometer on a freezing cold day, and [th]eir trust and confidence in God perishes [lik]e Jona's gourd, and down they go into [a] spiritual Sodom crying, "My God, why [ha]st Thou afflicted and forsaken me, our [fa]thers trusted in Thee and were not con[fo]unded nor put to shame." Oh what a [di]shonoring faith in Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, [in] six troubles I will be with thee, and in [th]e seventh the devil shall not harm you." [I] am glad I have learned whatever state I [am] in, prosperity or adversity, sickness or [he]alth, therewith to be content, trusting [in] Jesus for all things, both temporal and [sp]iritual, and I have proved that godliness [wi]th contentment is great gain. Hallelu[jah]! See the integrity of Job, when the [de]vil had robbed him of all his earthly [pos]sessions, and sorely afflicted him in order [to] try his faith in God, he said "Though [He] slay me yet will I trust in Him," and [th]e Lord rewarded him for his unwavering [fai]th by restoring him to health and [aff]luence, and giving him twice as much [as] he had before. Glory to God. Happy [is] he who hath the God of Jacob for his [he]lp, whose heart is fixed trusting in the [Lo]rd. My comrades, present your whole [sp]irit, soul and body a living sacrifice unto [G]od to follow whithersoever He leads, [th]rough the valley of the shadow of death, [to] Mount Zion in the sunshine of righteousness, and you will find in Him [a f]riend that sticketh closer than a brother. [On]e who is abundantly able to save from [th]e uttermost to the uttermost, under all [cir]cumstances, all those who put their [tru]st in Him. Do not rest, my comrades, [unt]il your feet are firmly established on the [Ro]ck of Ages, and you can say with all [con]fidence, like David, "Though the earth [be] removed and the mountains be carried [in]to the midst of the sea, and the waters [the]reof roar and be troubled, I shall not [fea]r, for God is my refuge and my salva[tio]n." Amen and amen.

DON'T BE CONQUERED.

STAFF-CAPT. TOTTEN.

[G]od wants His people to be conquerors. [A] thought arose in my mind the other [aft]ernoon, after one of our lassies had been [talk]ing with me, and telling me how she [had] allowed some terrible little thing to [con]quer her, and what sorrow defeat had [cau]sed.

[The] thought of our Great Conquerer who [nev]er knew defeat, not because He had [noth]ing to endure, or suffer, or no enemy [to fi]ght against. But, because He had one [obj]ect in view—when He came to save a [peri]shing world, and through love He con[quer]ed. He trusted in the father, and [cam]e with a determination to defeat the [ene]my and bring the world back to God. [His] love for us, conquered all doubt. His [ene]mies thought He was conquered when He cried:—"It is finished." But He rose again, and whereas He died to save, now He lives to save and He lives to keep us conquerors. Numbers of God's old Soldiers used to conquer such as David Gidion and others. And you and I can be conquerers if we will.

First we must have one object in view, viz.: to save the world, and in order to save it we must love it as Jesus did, then let us rush forward with a bold determination to conquer it for God in spite of the consequence.

We must prepare ourselves for the very worst that can come, make up our minds to it, go in for it. Love to suffer, live or die in order to accomplished our end.

Why should so many of our soldiers fall out of the ranks, conquered by the enemy? Why should they be defeated? Jesus the Great conqueror lives to keep you to conquer sin, self, the flesh and the devil. He never knew defeat! why should you know defeat, if you belong to Him? "If God be for us, He is more than all who shall be against us.

I feel confident that if we realize we are in for a life's service of real warfare, and that we will have victory in spite of all that may oppose us. Jesus will be near to supply what power, strength and grace that will be necessary for us.

There are many great men who are known as conquerors. Why can't we be recognized by the devils in hell as "God's Conquerors," and not allow the devil to continually shout in our ears defeat! defeat! Oh! let this be your song.

> We will conquer, by the blood of the Lamb,
> And we ne'er will retreat, though we die.

A Glimmer from the Cross.

LIEUT. BRADLEY.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so shall the Son of Man be lifted up."

From the lips of the infant Sunday School scholar to the aged minister of the pulpit, and from the youngest soldier in our ranks to our beloved General this verse has been repeated until to some it has become a story of the past.

But to the poor drunkard and to the poor outcast, and to the souls that are sick of sin and want to be free it is more to him then his lips will ever be able to repeat. It is the verse wherein Christ fortells His death, of the time when He should be nailed to the cross, of the time when there He should lay down His life for us, of the time when He should make an atonement for sin. That we who have broken the laws of God, whose sins helped to nail Him there on the Cross of Calvary. For me and you, dear readers, who perhaps have oft time refused His calls. For me and you, who like the soldiers who of old lead Him forth, have oftimes laughed Him to scorn, who have oftimes pressed the thorns deeper into His brow. For me and you whom He has redeemed, who He has washed in His blood. In whom once was darkness but now is light that we might go free, has that verse became nothing but words, has the Cross lost any of its brilliancy? is it less precious to us now than it was when first we saw it, it should not be so. Yet sad, sad to say it is.

But let it not be so with us, but let us take another look as He hangs there for us and ever let us count every drop of His blood precious. Let the glimmer from the Cross ever be a light to our path and a lamp to our feet to guide us up to Heaven.

And you, poor sinner, who feels your need of Christ there is shelter beneath its shadows, there is virtue in its flow. And you, backslider, who once stood beneath its rays there is room at the Cross for you.

> "There is life for a look at the crucified One,
> There is life at this moment for thee;
> Then look sinner unto Him and be saved,
> Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

THE LIGHT.

A. E. H.

"Whatsoever doth make manifest is light."

It is a very common saying among Christians (so called), "I am walking in the light as I get it. I don't feel condemned over this or over that, if I did I would give it up," or "I would do it," as the case may be. "I don't believe that God requires so much of me as all that, besides if I felt condemned over it I would mend it." Now how is a person going to manage to hear the Master say, "Well done," when they don't do well. Disobedience is sin, and sin brings condemnation, consequently while a soul is under condemnation they have got back to the devil's territory and need justifying in the sight of God.

We would think but very little of the child that was born into the world that always remained a child, but we look for it to grow and get strong, and walk by itself. We expect it to grow in knowledge, we expect it to grasp hold of the things of everyday life, and when we see that it has got into its mind, if it is a healthy child, we expect it to practice these things. We want to see it work and do something, but if it remains comparatively dormant we put it down that it might as well not have been born. And so it is when we see Christians who have not a corresponding amount of activity according to their length of days, we begin to think "what did God save you for?"

I find that the world is looking for a Christ, and they say, "We wont believe until we are able to put our fingers into the prints of the nails and thrust our hand into His side." This was done, and Christ tells us to, "follow Him."

When Peter was told to feed Christ's sheep he was afraid that he was going to have it all to do, and he says, "Lord, what shall this man do?" Jesus says, "What is that to thee, follow thou me?" That spirit seems to largely predominate to day. Let me say, "What is that to thee, follow thou Christ?" He is your pattern, square yourself by Him.

I find that the majority of people have started to serve God sometime, but have either backslidden or are very cold and indifferent. I ask them why is it? They say because of the inconsistancies of others. I ask Who told you they were inconsistant? You say my own common sense tells me so.

I am not blind or deaf, and I know well, "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light," and that is God's way of bringing light to you. Whatsoever you see that somebody else should do to be consistant, Christian, He requires you to do or leave undone as the case may be. The conditions of salvation from sin is obedience to God and walking in the light even as He is in it.

Yes, but, says someone else, I have walked in the light, but it was more than I could bear. But God has said, "My grace is sufficient for you and I will not suffer you to be tempted beyond that ye are able, but will with every temptation provide a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it. How would you prove the power of God to save if you are not tempted, how do you expect to get a living experience unless you take up the cudgels of war and face the devil, and live before the inconsistant weak one, or the hypocite as a man or woman saved to do the will of God? People are looking for an example in you and me, and we must be living epistles read and known of all men.

Not very long ago I was persuading a man to get right with God, but he says I can't believe. I says why? is God such a doubtful character to deal with that you cannot believe Him? Well he says I have tried and tried, and I don't do anything wrong, yet I cannot say like you that I know that I am saved. I said to him you know what another man ought to do to be a Christian and what he ought not to do. Now, "whatsoever doth make manifest is light," and if somebody else ought to pray with their families at home and do all the good they can as often as they can, and in as many different ways as they can, why you must. So with that he started to pray there and then, and it did not take any effort on his part afterwards to believe, and I am sure that if the people would only walk in the light as they get it, it never would leave them in doubt. I find that God speaks to me as often as I speak to someone else, and as I advise someone else God advises me, and I must obey and so must you. Never can we prove more of the power of God to save than when we are willing to show an aggressive front to the devil, whether it be by perils by land or sea, or in perils amongst false brethren or hypocrites, or what it may be, let us walk in the light knowing that whoremongers and idolaters and hypocrites God will judge, but "he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood shall never die, but I will raise him up at the last day," so saith Christ.

Will a Man Rob God?

(Malachi 3, 8.)

G. D. H.

What a lot of robbery is committed every day by the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Oh! but some will say wherein have we robbed God, by giving place to the devil, who not only comes around as a roaring lion, but oftimes as an angel of light. How often by his (the devil's) fair speeches and so called common sense pleas the devil decoys the people of God into do those things which are contrary to God's will and by this be shorn of the power of usefulness, and thus rob God of the glory He wishes to reveal of Himself through you. Give no place to the devil. How many of the children of God have been crushed in bitter defeat like Achan of old (Josh. 7) through concealing that which does not belong to you, thus in a measure allowing your fellowbeing, and worse of all, God, to suffer loss. It would, no doubt, be advisable to throw out a few hints wherein we are liable to rob God.

We all agree we have an influence in this life, and as professed followers of God we want to hear such an influence as God may be seen in us to our all satisfying portion. Yet we find many who take upon them the name of Jesus, who represent an altogether different appearance in sight of the world and the sinner, that is altogether condemnatory by the Divine law, for the Lord says, "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." For instance we find those who go out togged up in all the paraphernalia of the world, yet cling to the fact they are of God. "By their fruits we shall know them." May the Lord help such to see their position.

We find a class of people in our small villages and other country places who lounge around the stores talking railroad, politics, war, and anything but God, with pipe and tobacco, with a joke or two, and with such like they while away the time God should have spent for His honor and glory, and they go away with the exclamation "There's no harm in it." Oh! how many souls are being damned through such inconsistent living of God's professed followers. Think of the Jesus who bled and died on Mount Calvary; think of Him who you profess to follow and ask yourself the question, "Have not I robbed God?" in leading the life I have by linking arms with the devil, bringing reproach upon God's cause. Are you going to continue in this way of serving God, singing oftimes as you do, "I'm satisfied with Jesus here, He's everything to me," etc., and yet by your outward actions give conclusive evidence you are the child of the devil. Is Jesus everything to you? then why do you men and you women too, want your pipe, tobacco, a little drop of drink, a social game of cards or other amusements and such like, if you are satisfied with Jesus here? Oh may God help you to see how you are robbing Him daily, week after week, month after month, until it rolls into years of a mispent life, and of robbing God of that which rightly and justly belongs to Him. Let your sentiments and the outcome of your life back up the word of the post:

> "Here I give my all to Thee,
> Friends and time and earthly store."

How to deal with Anxious Souls.

TRAINING HOME LAD.

In the first place be sure you are led by God to deal with the penitent. Then find out what the besetments of the person you are dealing with are, if he is truly repentant. If he is really sorry for his past sins, he will be willing to part with everything which is evil, in order to be set free from his sins, but if he should have some darling idol or habit which he does not want to give up, you must tell him that he must be willing to give up all for Christ's sake, or Hell will be his doom. Put the knife in deep, and do not spare until he is willing to come to God's terms, and then tell him that for all his sins, no matter what they may be, there is a balm in Gilead, a Saviour who is able to save to the uttermost all who will come unto Him, repenting of their sins, and believing in His power and willingness to save. Do not rely on yourself to bring him into light, but, all the time you are dealing with him have your heart uplifted to God in prayer for the penitent. Never tell the anxious ones that they are saved if they only believe, for the devils believe and tremble. When he is saved, God himself will tell him so by the witness of the Holy Spirit. If they hold back and are unwilling to leave their sins at the foot of the cross, but want to take the world in one hand, and Christ in the other, you had better, if you cannot get them to surrender, let them go their way for this time, and trust in the mercy of God to convict them still further and bring them to His foot.

A. M.

THE LIFE AND DEATH KNOCK.

CAPT. W. PAYNE.

Talking with a comrade he gave me some of his experience when a collier. One time he said that at twelve o'clock they were taking a lunch or supper they heard the crash coming. Of course there was no use in us trying to escape, we saw the pillars give way and masses of coal and stuff draw near us, so that out of twelve four of us escaped death by being shot up in a small place which happened not to cave in; the rest were buried beneath the ruins of the fallen in colliery unprepared to meet God. It was quite a shock to me, but still I seemed so confused as not to fully realize the danger I was in and that hell would be my doom had I met with death.

Oh, the thought of these poor souls being hurried into the presence of God to give an account of a mispent life and so little thought it had awakened in their hearts. There they remained in the enclosure quite unconcerned without even bending the knee and imploring the mercy of God. A death-like silence prevailed us they anxiously waited to hear, as they termed it, either the "life or death knock." As there was a certain knock they understood the one came for life and the other there was no hope, they could not reach them, they had to die; and when the death knock came they knew it was no use in responding to it for they could not be saved; but the knock that meant life they responded to it so as to let them know outside that they were still alive.

It just brought to my mind that every soul will hear both the life and death knock. Those that are dead in trespasses and sins at times hear the gentle knock of Jesus as He waits outside for you, if you have not let Him in, to open your heart and let Him who is the light and life of the soul come and make His abode there. Still He knocks, will you let Him in? Remember you will not always hear the life knock of Jesus if you keep on resisting and grieving Him by persisting in your evil ways, there will come a moment when He will take His everlasting departure.

Oh, will you not be persuaded to respond to Jesus before He gives the last knock and leaves you to fall into the hell of your own transgressions. Sister, He still pleads and knocks for admittance to turn your hell to heaven, accept Him before you hear the death knock or perhaps it will be then too late, for it is a messenger that will not go without its errand.

How glad these sinners must have been when they heard the life knock and still greater must have been their rejoicing at the moment of liberation. Exceedingly greater is the joy of the soul who pays attention to the life knock of Christ and allows Him to take it out of the coal mine of disobedience into the light of God.

Another thing very striking about these miners when they heard the life knock they were to knock back again or else they would take it for granted they were dead and would cease to be in any hurry in finding them. So with you: when Christ knocks you will have to knock at mercy's door and implore the forgiveness of God and He will pardon.

Better put yourself to a little trouble about your soul here than be cast into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, there to writhe in the most intense agony of soul and be tossed to and fro with the infuriated fiery billows of dark damnation still enraged at the thought that you might have been with Jesus in heaven sharing his glory, but you rejected Him and now the horror of having to spend an eternity in hell seizes hold with the most dreadful remorse of conscience. Why has it taken place? Because your deeds were evil and you loved darkness rather than light.

Certainly it is a fact that every individual will hear the death knock notwithstanding you may try to get away from it. But it will be too late when the soul is about to leave the body to cry for mercy for the unquenchable flame has already kindled and how will you escape the damnation of hell? Oh, poor lost soul there is no way of escape then. "Too late, too late will be the cry, Jesus of Nazereth has passed by," and the fiery indignation of God is poured out upon the vessel of wrath fitted for destruction, and alas you have become buried in the hell of your own evil deeds. It is not God's will concerning you that this should happen but that you should come to a knowledge of the truth and be saved. Listen! Still He knocks. Who have you to blame if you are lost? You cannot blame God for it when you deliberately go against Him and His warnings and run into hell yourself and will not be stopped by the loving entreaties of Jesus and His children.

Perhaps the death knock has visited your home and taken some loved one or ones from your side and at that time you promised God you would meet them in heaven, and perhaps you held their hand as the soul was leaving the body, angels waiting to guide it to the realms of glory. Have you kept these vows or are they broken?

The Bible has laid the works of the old philosophers on the shelf for ever, and the fishermen of Galilee are now teaching morality and religion to the queens, kings, and intellectual giants of the world.

As a child that travels in his father's company, all is paid for, but his father carries the purse, not himself. So the Christian's shot is discharged in every condition, but he cannot say, I did this, or suffered that, but, God wrought all in me and for me.

The more composed thy heart is under the changes of Providence, the stronger is thy faith. Weak bodies cannot bear variable weather; they are laid up by it. But hot and cold, fair and foul, are much alike to the sound healthy frame. So strong faith can live in any climate. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

WALKS AND TALKS WITH THE SAVED FARMER.

No. 8.—The Limit of God's Power to Protect.

Are you not afraid that you will be robbed when you are, at this season of the year, receiving so much public money from the Tax Collector? said neighbor Thomson to me one day lately.

"You are aware," I replied, "that I daily cast myself on the care of my God, and that I cast all my care on Him who careth for me."

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, then," I continued, "do you think it will make any difference to God in what circumstances I am placed, so long as I am in the path of duty." In other words, "Do you think it will make any difference to my God whether I have ten thousand dollars, or ten cents, or not a cent at all? will God be less able to take of me with the large sum of money or with no money at all?"

"Well now," he replied, "you have rather a queer way of putting things. I never would have thought of it in that way." "But," I asked again, "is that not the right way to look at the question?" Did not Daniel look at the question in the very same light? He went into the den amongst the lions just as complacently as if they had been as many red squirrels, it did not matter to Daniel's God, his servant had to be protected until his work was done, and the great God who made both the lion and the red squirrel could shut the mouth of the one just as easily as He could that of the other. In fact it does some of God's people a very great amount of good to feel that they are out of and beyond man's care altogether. You know very well that when Daniel stepped into the den of lions, humanly speaking, he was done for, he then, as it were, left the protection of man and was entirely dependant upon God, and my own impression is that if Daniel had doubted God's power to save and protect him, God would not have closed the lions' mouths. It was the same way with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, if they had doubted God's power to protect them they would undoubtedly have been burnt up, but you see they knew and realized that there was no limit to God's power to keep and preserve them, and it would be the same if the heat registered 100 degrees of Farenheit's thermometer, or if it was so very great that the thermometer would be burnt up in a moment. I say, I believe that Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego realized that the intensity of the heat made not the very slightest difference to their God.

"Yes," remarked the Deacon, "you are perfectly right, but you see God recognized the weakness of human nature and knew that although His three faithful servants had very great faith in their God, yet God knew that in this very great test they required support, so He sent His own Son to sustain and cheer them, for we read that the King said, "Lo, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Had the three Hebrews doubted God's power to save and protect them they would undoubtedly have been burnt up, but their faith was very great, and the loving God sent His own Son to support them in this the great test of their faith."

"Yes," I replied, "if we are in the path of duty let us have unbounded faith in God that He will protect us, but let us who are God's children always be careful that we are in the path of duty and doing our Master's work, for He does not promise to protect us if we go off the narrow way. We read that "the troubles that afflict the just in number many be, yet out of them all the Lord doth set him free." We have have known professing Christians go and do what they knew to do wrong, and when they were suffering the consequences they would quote the first part of the passage, "The troubles that afflict the just in number many be," when a very different passage would be much more appropriate, viz: "The way of transgressors is hard." You can remember, Deacon, of that breachy cow I had some years ago, how she would get over the fence into your grain, and how I gave her a sort of poke to carry to keep her from jumping, but after a little practice she was enabled to throw it over the fence and then jump over herself, so I was forced very reluctantly to put on her a much heavier log, and it was rather difficult for her to get to and from the pasture to get milked. So one day when she was dragging along her log who should drive along but the parson, the good man gave a very sympathetic look towards the poor cow and was evidently preparing to give me a lecture on cruelty to animals." "Well now," he remarked, "that seems very hard to see that cow carrying that load." "Yes, my dear sir," I replied, "but don't we read in the good Book that 'the way of transgressors is hard.'" The parson drove on without saying another word. Well, then, let us each and every one remember this grand truth that the way of transgressors is hard and cannot be otherwise, and that God's power to save and protect those who are His own children and are doing His will is practically without limit. I have felt and realized in my own experience that the hotter the fire of persecution and trial, the more did I realize the presence of my Saviour in my soul, and I know that I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me, but let us all be sure we are not led away by the tempter in thinking that we are doing his work when we are serving our own, selfish ends and purposes, we must have an eye single to His glory.

But probably some one who has never started in the good way puts the question, "How am I to begin? how make a start?"

> "The way to heaven is straight and plain,
> Repent, believe, be born again."

There is no use in repenting of your sin to-day and going on again to-morrow and doing the same wrong things over again, and then repenting at night. You must repent with a repentance that needs not to be repented off. Then as to the second milestone on the way "believe." if your belief is only a mere historical one, if you simply believe that Jesus Christ was the son of God, that He lived on this earth, that he suffered and died on the cross that sinners might be saved, if this is the extent of your belief it is only a sort of what might be called a "historical belief." We are told that the devils also have this belief and they tremble. Now, you must come along with us and believe that Jesus Christ not only was the son of God, that He not only died for our sins but that He also died to save us from our sins, and that He is perfectly able and willing to do so, and I can assure you that He will give you power to resist and overcome every sin, and support you under every trial and temptation if you keep doing His blessed will, but you cannot do this, until you come to the third milestone on this straight and plain road "be born again." The Master himself told Nicodemus as he tells every one.

Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

Surely that is plain enough language for any one to understand. But it may be asked how am I to be born again? how am I to get a new heart? In the first place we have to be satisfied that the old one we have been using is no good, that its usefulness or unusefulness are ended, and then when we see or hear of one that will do the same work better we go and get it, even if we have to make a sacrifice to get it. Now, if you see and realize that your own sinful heart is no good, that you cannot resist temptation, lay yourself on God's altar and he will give you a new heart and enable you to go on fighting, not your own battles, but the battles of the Lord. And this leads us just to where we began, and to the great lesson we have been learning. If we keep following closely in the footsteps of the blessed Master, God's power to protect and preserve us is only limited by the extent of our faith in His illimitable power. May God bless and save you for Jesus sake. Amen.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 The Drum.

SAMUEL LUNDER, PENELOUS FALLS.

TUNE—*Be early in the morning.*

GUID New Year tae ane an' a'
Young an' auld, great an' sma',
An' durin' a' the years tae come
Gud gi'e ye strength tae beat yer drum.

CHORUS.

Rodgers o' the Airmy,
Rodgers o' the Airmy,
Rodgers o' the Airmy,
March an' beat yer drum.

There are banners nee maireh in yer ranks
Wha ance wis bound wi' clutty's branks,
An' slavee tae whisky beer an' rum
Gud lads tae Jesus throu yer drum.

An' Pharisees an' duds as well,
Three it has been rescued frae hell;
Tae see yer organ they did come,
An' gut nicely saved a' throu yer drum.

Yet some will say it is nae richt
Tae beat yer drum on Sunday night.
But wilie sinners throu it tae Christ come,
Gud bless you never stop yer drum.

See never min' what critics say,
Keep marchin' on yo'll win the day,
For tae the end there will be some
Wha will despise yer Airmy drum.

Nae critics just a word tae you,
Wha shack yer heads an' 'throw yer mou',
An' looks aye awfu' sour an' glum
When a'er ye pass the Airmy drum.

Dee ye ken a' a better plan
Tae rescue sinful fallen man,
Come tell us quick nae mair sing dum,
Fae tae the only ye'll stop the drum.

2 We'll all Gather Home By-and-bye.

CAPT. ADA GARRETT, NEWBURGH.

TUNE—*Oh, dat watermellon.*

UNDER our Captain, Jesus Christ,
We'll all gather home by-and-bye;
We're enlisted now for life,
We'll all gather home by-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Then glory hallelujah,
We've got a home prepared on high;
When we hear the trumpet sounding,
We'll all gather home by-and-bye.

We'll fight the fight for God and right,
And in His service we'll delight.

What are we think and know is right,
This we will do with all our might.

We'll live a life of faith and love,
And wear a crown with Him above.

Our friends and kindred there we'll meet
And live in peace at Jesus' feet.

3 Trust in Jesus.

A. M. C., TIVERTON, N. S.

TUNE—*Amber Green.*

THIS so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Sweet to feel that He is near,
Sweet to know what 'ere betide us,
Jesus, can the sad heart cheer.

CHORUS.

Listen! To the Saviour calling,
Will you heed that loving call?
Come and get this full salvation
Which He offers free to all.

Oftentimes when worn and weary
And the heart oppressed with grief,
The sweet thought that Jesus hears us,
To our sad hearts bring relief.

Though the world may frown upon us,
And our friends forsake us too;
He has promised grace to help us,
What He promised He will do.

If we only will obey Him,
Like His tender loving call,
He will never, never leave us,
We shall win and conquer all.

4 Our Anchor is Firm.

A. M. B., TARNOUTH.

TUNE—*We have an anchor that keeps the soul.*

ON the sea of life when storms arise,
I look up to Jesus above the skies;
He my refuge is in the fiercest storm,
And my troubled heart He maketh calm.

CHORUS.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and firm when the billows roll,
Fastened to the rock that cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

'Twas not ever thus, for I once did stray,
And my footsteps slipped from the narrow way;
Then I loved the world and all its charms,
Now I sweetly rest in my Saviour's arms.

He will lead me on from day to day,
And will keep me safe in the good old way,
His promise is true, it will never fail,
To my anchor drops within the veil.

Will you come to Him while He waits for thee,
'Twas for you He died on Calvary's tree,
He has waited long and He still is nigh,
Oh come just now and for mercy cry.

5 Invitation Song.

CAPT. BERTHA FREDERICK.

TUNE—*Tell it again.*

COME to the Saviour, He's calling for thee,
Calling so tenderly "Come unto Me."
Come, I'll receive you into the fold,
Why do you wander on mountains so cold.

CHORUS.

Come to the Lord, come to the Lord,
Salvation He offers full, present and free;
Whosoever will they may come unto Me,
Jesus thy Saviour is waiting for thee.

Come to the Saviour, oh why do you roam,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee home,
Come while the Spirit is striving with thee,
Oh don't reject Him, mercy is free.

Come to the Saviour, He's speaking once more,
Come to Me now, let thy sorrow be o'er,
I'll give thee pleasure the world can't afford,
Serve Me with gladness, I am the Lord.

6 Happy To-day.

E. J. T., MONTREAL H.

TUNE—*Cleansing for me.*

ONCE I was out on the mountains of sin,
Far, far away; far, far away;
I had no peace, joy or comfort within,
Far, far away; far, far away.
But then to Jesus I came and found rest,
His Holy Spirit came into my breast;
Now I am pardoned and cleansed and blest,
Happy to-day, happy to-day.

Once I had wandered away from the fold,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Away from my Saviour far out in the cold,
Far, far away; far, far away.
But Jesus sought for the wandering one,
Found me and brought me once more to my home,
Now, I am happy, no more will I roam,
I'm happy to-day, happy to-day.

All you who roam on the mountains of sin,
Come home to-day, come home to-day;
He will accept you and take you right in,
Come, come away, come, come away.
See Jesus stands with His arms open wide,
Still flows the sin-cleansing fount from His side;
Come to the river of Life and abide,
Come right away, now while you may.

8 Enough for me.

CAPT. MAGGIE KNOWLES, SUSSEX, N. B.

TUNE—*Thou art enough for me.*

THOU King of kings, Thou Prince of men,
Thou all atoning Lamb of God;
Thou all sufficient loving Lord,
Oh make my heart Thy home.

CHORUS.

Thou art enough for me,
Thou art enough for me;
Thou precious loving, loving Lord,
Thou art enough for me.

Thou did'st for me Thy life lay down,
Thou did'st for me on Calvary bleed,
Thou did'st for me deep grief endure;
Thou precious loving, loving Lord.

Thou art not tired to hear my cry,
Thou art not wearied with Thy child,
Thou art always watching with Thy eye,
And ready with Thy welcome smile.

Thou art welcome to my heart dear Lord,
Thou can'st make Thy home for ever there,
Thou art precious to my inmost soul,
Thou ever loving, loving Lord.

9 HOLINESS

ALFOR. W. NORLE.

TUNE—*Stella.*

COME, dear Lord, to be set free,
From Satan's chains and misery;
No longer can I live in sin,
Lord, in Thy mercy, take me in;
The pleasures of this world are vain,
They only give me grief and pain.

My all I cast, Lord, at Thy feet,
A living sacrifice complete;
Seal me Thine own and keep me free,
Come, Saviour, come, abide in me,
And for Thy glory I will show
A life of purity below.

Thy life shall my example be,
Since Thou from sin hast set me free;
My time and talents, Lord, I'll spend
In winning souls till life shall end;
In sorrow or in joy the same,
Help me to glorify Thy name.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

FOR THE

RESCUE WORK.

Mrs. Coombs is desirous of receiving the names of volunteers (officers and soldiers) for the Rescue Work. She feels persuaded there are many girls and women in the ranks of the Dominion soldiers upon whose hearts the Lord has laid the cause of their fallen sisters, but who, from diffidence and possible lack of knowledge of the need, have refrained from offering for service in this direction. The need for work in this direction is appallingly great, the workers available for the need is commensurately small. The work has its peculiar difficulties and peculiar hardships, and none but those upon whom the burden of these perishing ones has been laid are at all likely to be used to any great extent in their rescue. Those of our officers and soldiers therefore, who knowing the terrible need and feeling the heavy responsibility that rests upon us in this behalf, and are willing to devote themselves to a thorough whole-hearted service in this direction, are requested to communicate forthwith with

COMMISSIONER MRS. COOMBS,
The Temple, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1889.

THE SELF-DENIAL FUND.

We are very glad to be able to congratulate our comrades of the Canadian wing upon the very creditable issue of the week of Self-denial held in November last, the returns of which have just reached us. We cannot disguise the fact that our expectations and prognostications have been considerably exceeded by the result, and we have extreme pleasure in stating that the work in Germany will be benefitted to the extent of very nearly $4,000 by the united self-denial of the Canadian Soldiers and Friends. In our next issue we shall publish a detailed statement of the various items received from each division and corps, together with the personal donations collected by sanitarians and friends.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

The WAR CRY New Year as our readers are aware, commenced with the present volume in November last, but it would be altogether an oversight if we did not at this particular season offer our earnest congratulations and affectionate good wishes to our friends everywhere. As the years roll on, and as the operations of our work roll on with such surprising rapidity over the vast expanse of our Canadian Home, it has become an impossibility to bear in our minds or recollection a tithe of the different communities into which our sheet has penetrated. Four short years ago, we had some personal knowledge of every station, and an intimate acquaintance with every front rank comrade in the field, to-day the few that we did know have become lost in the vast crowd that have joined them, and our near acequaintance has narrowed down to our own particular staff. This notwithstanding we have on every hand the blessed assurance that in hundreds of communities that to us are a *terra incognita*, and in thousands of homes and acquaintances of thousands of hearts of whom we have no personal knowledge, we hold to-day an honored place, and that week by week, for periods longer or short, we have been welcomed and eagerly scanned. To one and all of these, our unknown yet never forgotten friends we offer the hun and heartiest wishes for a happy and a good New Year. Ha unwritten pages lie before us fraught with momentous issues to every one of us, events that a merciful Providence for the present veils from our eye; but whatever these events and issues may turn out to be, whatever trial, suffering, danger, or change they may bring about, we can in confidence and quietness be strong, and look forward to a year of victory, progress, and joy in our own hearts, knowing that so long as our confidence and practical trust is placed in our Lord Jehovah, there can no evil befal any one of us. He that has been with us from the beginning has promised never to leave nor forsake us, and so long as with an unswerving, unfaltering, unconquerable loyalty to our King, we go forward to carry out His will, and obey His commands, we need fear no evil with this perfect assurance, "Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee."

Rescue Home.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Army officers or friends desiring to send any girl to the Rescue Home must please write first to Mrs. Coombs and obtain her written permission. No girl can be received without such consent has been obtained.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From how many thousands of lips have fallen, during the last few days, the words, "We wish you a very happy New Year!" Men and women of every station in life—from kings and princes down to the inhabitants of the very lowest lanes and alleys of slumdom—all with one consent send forth the greeting, "A very Happy New Year."

Yet, lest in how many instances will the happiness be sought for in a wrong direction, and with the very same result as in preceding years—bitter disappointment and often untold misery?

Thank God, Salvationists, however much they may be despised and looked down upon, know how to have a happy year, and, knowing the way, it will be entirely their own fault if they do not possess it.

To have a happy New Year, we must be willing to work for it. If some, aye even professing Christians, would think much less about being made happy and much more about being made useful, they would attain their object a great deal sooner.

It would be a good thing for a lot of people if they would begin 1889, accepting as an axiom that an idle Christian cannot be a happy Christian—that a man or woman who professes to love God and to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and who, at the same time, runs after the follies and fashions and frivolities of the world, and is ashamed to own Christ except upon very special occasions, cannot be anything else than a miserable individual. Indeed, we question very much whether the open sinner has not a better time of it than those half-and-half, milk-and-water sort of disciples.

How different is the condition and the experience of those who love the Lord with all their hearts and serve Him with all their strength; We bless God that in our ranks we have thousands of such people; many of them possessed of very little of this world's goods, or of any of those things which so many consider indespensable to happiness, and yet are happy, intensely happy, simply because they are wholehearted in their service, and in season and out of season work for God and souls.

Comrades, you who have never yet experienced the heavenly joy which always accompanies soul-saving work, begin this year and go on right through the year doing some definite work for the Master—but you say,

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

Have you ever asked Him to tell you? Have you ever considered for what purpose and with what object God saved you? Was it not that you might become a saviour of men—that you might help Him in the salvation of the world? He has a work for you to do, and you have only to ask for it and it will most assuredly be pointed out to you.

You may again, "but I am so weak and so helpless, I should only fail." That's not your business. God knows all about you, and if you offer yourself to Him for service He will give you work according to your ability. Our God is not a hard taskmaster. Do your present evidence of His power to do this for you? Look around you and see the thousands of men and women whose education and previous lives and surroundings seemed, from a human standpoint, to be a complete barrier to active service, and yet filled with God they have shaken kingdoms.

Stammering, with shaking knees and trembling hearts, they have stood upon the all-sufficiency of God, and have gone on and on, in spite of apparent defeats and the oft-repeated suggestion of the devil that they were no use, until they have had a complete and glorious victory, and have become happy and successful souls-winners.

Oh, comrades—one and all—you who do know, by past experience, some of the joys of active service, and you who have hitherto been too timorous to venture, or too half-hearted to desire it, begin 1889 with the fixed determination in your hearts that, whatever the successes or failures of the past may have been, by God's help, this New Year shall be one of downright, earnest, faithful, persistent fighting against the powers of darkness!

If every soldier of Jesus Christ will only do that,

AND KEEP CONSTANTLY AT IT,

right throughout the year, 1889 will be a noted one in the annals of salvation warfare. I will far outstrip the glorious victories and successes of previous years, and will have materially helped to bring nearer the accomplishment of that object upon which every Salvationist has his heart fixed—

THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD!

FIGHT IT OUT!

COMMISSIONER BALLINGER.

(*Continued from No. 216.*)

11—Finished Street Fighting.

That we ought to fight for Jesus out of doors is a thoroughly accepted idea with every Salvationist. Where the law does not permit any action of the kind, our commandment, and pray, and trust for the better day coming; but where, as in most countries, the streets are absolutely open to us, I fear there are a very few who even take in, to the fullest extent, what an opportunity is within their reach.

One of the first and greatest difficulties of an ordinary army is to find where they can come upon the enemy with advantage. Many religious people appear, actually, to be in the same state of helpless puzzlement as to reaching the masses with the gospel, but there they are, all the time, absolutely in the power of any Salvationist living in a free country. Oh, that I could get that one simple truth into every Soldier's mind and heart

THE ENEMY IS AT YOUR MERCY.

My perpetual comrade was telling me the other day of a certain market town, where the Army has been in existance for four or five years, and where, she was assured, that no effort had ever been made to attack the crowds who come into the place only once a week—on the market-day. I am afraid that similar instances of blindness to unsaint opportunities could be multiplied; but, what I do fear it is much more painful to note how rarely the every-day opportunity of making a proper fight out of doors is thoroughly appreciated. There is many a street, near some barracks used by a regiment, in which no salvation speaking has ever been heard. The street may be too busy, or narrow a one for an open-air meeting in the ordinary sense, and nobody has ever thought of sending a detachment of two or three good voices to give the inhabitants an unexpected bombardment.

Again, how many corps appear incapable of changing their open-air stands without policy pressure, and that means to say that the idea of attacking scores, and even hundreds of streets, lanes and corners, in any other way than by marching past them, has never occurred to anybody. Oh, that I could stir the ambition of officers and soldiers to be able to say, before leaving a neighborhood, that they had really warned the people in every street in it!

How else are we to carry out the idea of warning every man in all wisdom?

SHOUT IT OUT!

Nobody can value visitation work more than I do, and I hope to have something to say about that by-and-by; but, to say nothing of the length of time that must elapse before you get into very close personal contact with every sinner in a street, there is, for all, a power in the lord voice of a prophet who thunders out his reproofs and warnings from the middle of the road, which is absent from the comparatively genteel tones he must adopt as a successful visitor.

If you really believe that most of the people round you are asleep in their sins, you must see the necessity for doing something quite out of the ordinary way to arouse them, and that something you can do in the street any day you like.

YOU! YOU!! YOU!!!

Do, please, to understand that I mean you, you, whoever you are, that are reading these words. I do not mean your corps, although I may have something to say about what a corps, as such, ought to do and can do; I do not mean your officers, or sergeants, or Tom or Jack, who have got such a splendid voice and such a powerful testimony; or Annie, or Polly, who can solo so well in the street, or have been accustomed to speak ever since they have been converted—as you ought to have done, you know; but I mean you, even if you are the feeblest in every way in your corps. I say that if you are only willing to fight it out properly in the streets, God is able and ready to help you; not to-morrow, nor any other time, but to-day to go right out and do something that will astonish, confound and upset the enemy. Oh, that you would only once just try it!

The Army prepares the way for such usefulness for anybody who is willing to be a true soldier. What open-air meetings some of you have attended without speaking! What splendid crowds you have hidden your face from and turned away and left unspoken to! What miles of houses you have passed by without even singing in such a manner as to impress nobody that you really wanted to sing anything into them!

I am not at all sure that the very multiplication of opportunities afforded you by the Army's system may not tend to accustom you to carelessness and neglect. That is why I press so much for your doing something yourself without waiting any longer for any officer or anybody else to make you do it. If you only get your own soul properly awakened to the enormous advantage you are at in having the liberty to deal with the people about their souls in the streets, you will come up to open-air meetings, and instead of a dozen there will be thousands eagerly watching for every chance to rush into the ring and make a mark for eternity.

NO BLANK CARTRIDGE.

This wide-awake condition of soul would prevent the waste of ammunition—save, of course, the mistake—which takes place when soldiers, without any proper sense of responsibility for their opportunity, merely use their position in the street or the ring, to say something, without particularly noticing or caring to whom they are saying it, or whether anybody is listening at all. It has become, with them, a matter of course to speak, and thank God for that, for, in itself, that is a blessed state of things, but their speaking is all a matter of course together. They deserve to be sent to a dark corner, where nobody can be got to listen, for they might just as well discharge their habitual remarks into the air as anywhere else. Nobody is thinking looking carefully around to see who is listening, and then, prayerfully and believingly speaking to one or other of the different sats who may be hearing them, in a way they believe would be likely to produce a new impression upon them—to hit them, in fact, to pierce their hearts and make them come to the Saviour has never once occurred to their minds. They just roll out a certain number of words, or sentences, and then go back to their place in the ring, only too well satisfied with the idea that they have done their duty, and leaving the enemy as little affected as if they had been dumb. That is not fighting it out; that is not making any real fight at all; it is only a sort of speaker's parade in the streets.

Do lift up your head and open your eyes, and you will see and feel plenty before I have time to say any more.

CANCER CURE.

The General invites communications describing any real cures of the above-names disease, by any readers of the WAR CRY. Such communications should, if possible, furnish the following particulars, or, at least, some of them:

1. On what ground the disease was thought to be cancer?
2. Whether any qualified doctor pronounced it to be cancer?
3. The nature of the treatment adopted.
4. How long is it since the cure?
5. Any other particulars that may be of interest.

These communications are required for private use and not for publication. The General's attention having been drawn of late to several most painful instances of this disease, he is anxious to know whether there is any real cure in existence.

Communications to be addressed;

GENERAL BOOTH, care of Commissioner Coombs, the Temple, Toronto, Ont.

COLONEL & MRS. DOWDLE.

"Be sure you say that my thirst for souls was never stronger in my life than it is to-day. Anybody who likes might write the letters and sign the cheques—let me win souls!"

Colonel Dowdle's tall portly form straightened (if that is possible) as he spoke, as if he were leading on a battalion of the Army, and his deep voice rang as steady as if twenty years of open-air work had strengthened, not strained, it. Two difficulties face the comrade who wants to know the story of that twenty years.

Colonel Dowdle—like most other Colonels—is generally too busy to talk, and he tells one, "I have never corresponded with anybody. When I have gone out of a town I feel that I leave everything in it behind me to the next man God sends there. I couldn't do good work in any other way."

But toss over the heap of his own recollections of himself as the mischievious lad who was always blamed for any bit of mischief in the village. Listen to the verdicts of the policemen who could never stop what they considered his unnecessary enthusiasm. Notice the joyous testimonies and grateful letters of his spiritual children! Pause over the records of the "Christian Mission Magazine," and "The Salvationist," and the "War Cry," and you get a tolerably clear picture of the railway guard, now Colonel.

He was born in Upton Lovel, Wiltshire, in December 1840, and trained by pious parents, whose prayers for him seemed through his boyhood little heeded. He was always fond of song-singing, dancing, boyish games of chance, and fighting. "Not that I was quarrelsome. I never was bad friends with anyone. But it was fun." His grandmother foretold the gallows for him. "I went to the Cross instead!"—but not till he had thoroughly tried every amusement which London (where he went when about seventeen) had to offer to a light-hearted, dare-devil young fellow, with merry eyes and good-natured ways and a trick of song. He drank, "not to get drunk—but for company's sake." He determined to see "what life was" in London, and gave every passion of his nature rein. But God and goodness laid hold of him in the promise made his mother to attend some place of religious worship every Sunday. Ordinary chapels had very little attraction for this all-alive youth. He went to all sorts of queer places wherever he heard there was life and power, and was finally saved in a hall which had been used for a diorama show. "I wanted a desperate Salvation," and he got it! "I went mad at it. A railway man has to be pretty mute on the railway, but I told nearly all my workmates; there were about 500 of them."

Yet, after all this, James Dowdle backslid and for eighteen months plunged into all sorts of dissipation to keep himself from remembering the past. How was it?

An old deacon in the chapel to which he had attached himself, drew him quietly aside one day and explained to him how unnecessary all this zeal was; it brought him much persecution and annoyance, and did no real good. The young Christian listened to the old one, and, disobeying his own conscience, soon turned back towards hell. Horrible! yes! are you "very much afraid of pushing the young converts?"

But God called him back at an open-air meeting conducted by Mr. Stevens, in after years his father-in-law. And after this he was always at work, soon giving up the railroad life in order to have more time to work for God. The new allies gave him plenty to do. He had his first lesson on the dangers of street preaching at Paddington. Close by the Great Western Hall, a policeman who had ordered him to stop talking to a crowd collected at a street-corner, dragged him from his knees as he knelt to close with prayer, and marched him off to the police station singing

"The Lion of Judah shall break every chain."

Arrived at the station he insisted on talking to the Inspector, who examined him, about his soul, and he would pray. In despair they turned him into the yard; then he sang, this woke up all the night police, who were asleep upstairs, and they came running down to see what maniac was daring to sing hymns under the shadow of the arm of the law. An immense and furious crowd demanding his release was gathering outside. He persisted in singing about disagreeable facts. The examination had brought out nothing against this Daniel. The police begged him to go. But he insisted on staying in the den of lions, unless escorted out "as publicly as he was brought in;" so two policemen were detailed to take him out and present him to the threatening crowd.

Clearly such an irrepressible would never rest till he found himself among the little band of giants who were just gathering round the General. Of course he read of William Booth's wonderful revivals in Cornwall, and went to hear him preach when he came to Whitechapel.

"Ever since," he tells us, "I have been more or less connected with the Army." Generally more. At one period in its history we are told a great many of the officers in the entire Army had been either saved or sanctified or pushed out into the work by Colonel or Mrs. Dowdle: for the work of the two is so closely united that his story is also hers. In fact, the former has been known to remark, "At this time we were made Major!"

"In November, 1878," says the Colonel, "I gave up my other business entirely, and went into the soul-saving business. I came out as a sort of general ranger. After a visit to Northampton we were sent for to supply the place of Mrs. Booth, who was taken ill during a series of special sermons she was preaching at Chatham. There was a beautiful incident of a little cripple girl saved there. My wife will remember it."

Yes, she did. How, after God had saved little crippled Nellie, she brought father, mother, brother, uncle, and aunt to the meetings, where they found her Saviour, and then exclaimed in triumph, "I've nobody left now but my old grandmother, and as soon as she gets well I'll bring her." Twelve years later the Dowdles received a letter from two Chatham converts, still saved, who said, "In case you don't know our names, we're the uncle and aunt of little crippled Nellie."

A man-of-war's man saved there turned up in Devonport last month, having been for years the manager of Miss Weston's Sailors' Home there, and now just about opening his own fifth coffee-palace. He has probably benefitted the community sufficiently to make up for the grief of the publican, who complained bitterly to the Town Council of the band who took their nightly stand on the Military Road, between two public-houses, that his business suffered "£90 a week through that meeting. Dowdle fiddles them out of my house, and the worst of it is they don't come back any more!"

"During our stay at Chatham there came one day a letter from the office, and when I had read it I said to my wife, 'My dear, God has called us to go to the north,' and laying the letter open before her, we got upon our knees and said, 'Lord, send us to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, where Thou wilt, only use us for Thy glory.'"

And God gave them one soul as an earnest on the long railway journey to the north.

Out of the 2,000 people whom the Dowdles faced on the first Sunday night, scarcely twenty-five even professed to be Christians. The husband looked at them, with tears streaming down his face, and said to his wife, "Now, my dear, I see why God sent us here. We will live, and die, and be buried here, but we will have some souls."

COL. DOWDLE.

We clip an account of the first twelve out of their eighteen months there, from the magazine published by the General ten years ago.

What has come of it all?

Let us see!

As you enter the railway station ask the guard, he will tell you that a lot of the railway people go to the theatre on Sundays, and will soon describe some who thought they would like to go to hear the Converted Railway guard, and who, as the result, have got on the "up line" for glory.

The policemen can tell you some very interesting facts if they like. One of them was very kindly allowed, some time ago, to go "on duty" in the top gallery of the theatre, where big lads had sometimes disturbed their neighbors by rushing out before the service was over. By half-past eight the gallery was empty, and then you might have seen a man in blue on the stage taking poor penitents in charge to Jesus—"the best duty he ever was set on," as he well says.

On Sunday morning, while the usual religious service is proceeding in places of worship, a great body of stalwart working men are singing through the streets, and standing in the Market Place to tell ... great things the Lord has done for them.

On Friday night a great ring of ... men's wives knelt on the cold, ... ground in the Market Place to plead with God for the souls they had just been ...ing to accept Christ.

"There's been a great change in our house, I can tell you," one of these has said; "me and my husband used to go to the public-house, the music hall, and the theatre to seek for pleasure, but we never found it there. But now, thank God, we have both got converted, and our home is like a little heaven below!"

Huge processions of happy men and women fill the main streets from side to side and swing into a huge ring whenever the bow of their leader's violin or his hand give the signal. The crowd stands awed and almost reverential to hear the unanswerable testimony of these big, strong witnesses for Jesus, or to watch them bending in silent prayer, or softly breaking out,

"Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come."

while mighty faith is making the words a glorious reality. Sunday after Sunday thousands crush into every corner of the great theatre to learn the same simple Gospel from the evangelist and his wife.

Night after night wretched sinners of every class are sobbing are groaning for complete deliverance from sin and hell and are rising up to glorify an Almighty Saviour, casting away their old habits—their drink, their tobacco, their fine ornaments and coming out new creatures in Christ Jesus.

A big strong man sets down before you, calmly tells you he has a list of people he is determined to get saved since he has been made so happy himself. He tells how this neighbor and that acquaintance and such a man, living miles away, are off the list already. In answer to his prayers God has saved him. His brother was the next, but the young fellow suddenly ran away from his home in London in debt, and landed in Middlesbro' on Sunday morning. No wonder his praying brother adds, "I shall stick to the lot till I get them all."

And this is only one of the 200 people who are praying and believing and striving here for the subjugation of the whole town and country to Christ. It is a blessed thing to be able to say that during the year over 650 sinners have professed to find salvation at these services. But it is a far more glorious fact that there has been raised and trained up a regiment, some 200 strong, of men and women who are determined, by the grace of God, to do their utmost for the salvation of the masses still in sin.

Colonel Dowdle says;—"We never go to a big town now without finding some of those Middlesbro' converts. Here we went in to make a clean sweep of idols, so many pipes, etc., were given up at the Holiness table that the last Sunday we were there, I heard one fellow say to another, "Jack, have you heard the news? Dowdle's going to Bradford to open a tobacco shop!" But instead he was going to open work in an old tent in Leeds, where old and young, rich and poor knelt together on the dusty floor and won the place they prayed for. The old tent was rags long ago, but the wooden hall, built on the same ground, is called the Old Tent to-day, and numbers saved there are now in the Army work.

At first the work was most discouraging. One gentleman, although always a friend to the Army, cautioned the Colonel not to expect too much, since tremendous efforts had been made before in Leeds with very little spiritual results. His reply was,

"I am sure of success, and I am perfectly willing to wait for it." During the third service numbers fell "as if slain by a lightning flash from heaven."

A poacher, on his way for "a spree" at Leeds fair, dropped into the tent, fancying it a drinking and gambling booth. He was deeply convicted, came again, and then again, and the third time went home to his wife to say, "I'm gotten saved, to-night, my lass." He instantly burned his poaching nets and began to get rid of his dogs.

On Sunday nights they had a large circus at first, but were obliged to quit it, ... the proprietor stated they ruined ...ek-day meetings.

...ford came next; a hard, steady pull ...ghteen months, but a pull steadily. ...'s theatre was the Sunday ... place. "The people would come ... when they were used to being entertained.

"The police objected to our standing in ... open air to speak or sing, so I agreed ... the soldiers to have a silent open-air. ...formed in a ring, knelt and prayed ... God would raise dead souls to life, ... cast devils out of sinners. A crowd ... gathered. It asked: 'What are they ...?' We didn't answer. Then a ...man came up, swearing and pushing to find out what we were doing. I ... him to be very silent—we were raising the dead, and going to cast out devils. ...looked surprised and waited, expecting ... some ghost appear. Then up came ...liceman to ask the same question and ... the same answer. He waited to see ... would happen. At last, the crowd ... so great I saw it would block the ...oughfare, and started,

"Jesus, the name high over all."

The policemen said, 'Move on!' We did, followed by an immense crowd, ...ch came into the hall. God saved ...s as the result of that meeting."

...me time in the summer of 1878, the ... of Plymouth were decorated with ... announcing the advent of "Jimmy ...dle—his wife, and Hallelujah Fiddle ...coming!"

...ere was great excitement in the town. ...t did it mean?—Conjuring? Theatri...? and what was a Hallelujah fiddle? It might have been a mangle or a ...se-trap for all they knew," says Mrs. ...dle.

...nd the townspeople at first understood ...nel Dowdle as little as they did the ...dle!" "His work would never do for ...mouth," one Christian worker told him ...is face, not knowing to whom he was ...king. His answer came boldly,

"God has sent me here; and I tell you ...re your brother here, and before God, ... we will succeed in your town, or be ...ed in the cemetery yonder. If we are, ... can come and look at our graves and "Here are some people who made a ...ake."

...ne night, a few weeks after, he stood ...e bottom of the hall, the tears rolling ...n his cheeks, looking at a long row of ...tents, and saying, "This is the Lord's ...!"

...lvation swept through Plymouth's ...st haunts. Did they stand? Ten ...ths after the Dowdle's had left, all the ...es they had put on the Soldiers' roll ... were still there except two. Of these, ... had joined the Primitives, and the ...r was a backslider, afterwards reclaimed. The western newspapers were full of ... work, and the workers' names will ...y crowd any hall round about Plymouth.

...fter fifteen months here the officers ... ordered to Liperpool, where the ...ing was then so rough that even the ...ral gave them the injunction—"Don't ...e people kill you."

...ey didn't. "The power of God and ...ness" defeated opposition. Much ...ts and public prayer among the soldiers ... accomplished what police-protection ... failed in. Numbers of desperate ...acters were saved, and a whole volume ...t be made up of stories of the work ... and at Plymouth alone. But after ...months Capt. Dowdle was taken away ...constituted Major of twenty-six north... stations, in what is now the Tees and ... Division.

...e crowded years, in which the twenty-... stations have become seventy, the ..., a Colonel, no stress of office business has lessened his devotion to more ...t "soul-saving business." Nor does ...appearance in a town mean simply a ...go," but always something desperate ... for the Salvation and sanctification ...uls. "But that work belongs to the ...of my Field Officers," says the Colonel. ... All-night of Prayer in Glasgow, where ... than 250 people, numbers of whom ...now Salvation Army Officers, stands ...prominently.

...ne of those men, who, born of the ..., can speak to the people in a language ... understood by the people," said a Plymouth paper, called the 'Colonel,' years ago. He is still that. His Officers were astounded at the Leeds anniversary by hearing him address one sobbing penitent as an old hypocrite, and asked him if he were going to pay his landlady now? But this dealing was quite effectual. The Colonel knew this man—one who had pretended to be saved before, and cheated his widowed landlady on the strength of his supposed religion. He got honestly saved at Leeds, and is paying his honest debts to-day.

"Do I think our indirect influence in these towns is great?" asked the Colonel, stopping short in the caged-lion sort of exercise he was taking while we talked to him. "I'll give you just one fact, and let you see. When we opened Monkwearmouth, six years ago, we had a tea, and 3,000 people sat down to it. They were very largely working men, of course. Come they would. Work they would not after it was time to come, and all those great works on the river were stood still because the Salvation Army was having a tee-meeting."

Since leaving the Tyne Division, the Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle have been engaged in special work, and have become well known and popular through the length and breadth of Great Britain. Two years ago the Colonel visited the Dominion in company with the Generel, and crossing to the States he remained there some six months, conducting special revival meetings in the various large cities with great acceptability to the people, and much success.

MRS. DOWDLE.

Returning to England he was again joined by Mrs. D——, who had been out of health, and together they had a year or more of hard work through the various divisions. On the visit of our Commissioner to England last summer, arrangements were made for another visit to Canada, and the Dowdles are with us, and have almost become a part of ourselves, and many many corps and individuals have been already helped and blessed in a wonderful manner.

Major Jai Bhai sends the following despatch: Grand wind-up of the 350 miles' tour through the central province and planting districts. Spiritually and financially an enormous success. Large crowds all the way along the line. Great kindness shown us by the Buddhists, Hindoos, and all classes. Over forty souls seeking salvation. Away a month. Tremendous welcome-home meeting in Colombo.

THE WAR IN OTHER LANDS

SOUTHERN INDIA.

STAFF-CAPT. YUDH PRAKASAM.

Amongst other spots in our world-wide Army battle-field, one place of deep interest to many of our readers is Southern India; especially is it interesting to those mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, whose loved ones, holding their lives in their hands, are holding up us the only hope of eternal life, salvation and joy, the Conqueror of Calvary to these perishing souls. We therefore send some interesting news from the battle's front.

About sixteen months ago we had but one corps in Southern India, struggling away nobly against the crowds of difficulties and obstacles edging it in on every side. In the latter end of June, 1887, we opened a second corps; since then we have opened fourteen others. At that time the officers, all told, were a very small band; to-day we have a band of over sixty fighting away, marching steadily onward and getting the victory.

OVER THIRTY OF THESE OFFICERS ARE NATIVES

who have been raised on the soil. 'Tis about our large native officers' council that I wish to write.

Praying, planning, scheming, writing, a lot of faith, and the day arrives, and we arrive with it at Trichinopoly, for "Two Days with God!" Beating of drums, blowing of instruments, which we hear from the council room, makes us feel that we have got somewhere where the Salvation Army is about. Thank God, this blessed, blood-and-fire spirit is not confined to the old country, but it is caught up by the dear Tamils of Southern India.

"All's ready, Major!" comes the word, and Major Ajeet Singh (Lampard), Staff-Capt. Jeya Kodi (Johnson), Capt. Santosham, (Butler), and myself march into the council room, where we are greeted by a tremendous volley. A word of prayer and we commence the council with a proper translation of

"Storm the forts of darkness."

which was taken up with spirit and holy enthusiasm by all.

The song and prayer which followed was a very blessed foretaste of the hallowed times which followed throughout the two days. The object of the council was to give each one a clearer idea of salvation, holiness, war, and sacrifice, and also of the Salvation Army, with its great work, than they had hitherto had. The A B C principles of the Salvation Army, its General, its origin, its progress, what is a Salvation Army soldier, a cadet, an officer? We are an Army of fighters, not a body of preachers; our responsibility to God and

POOR DYING HUMANITY—A PICTURE

of the world in its woe and wretchedness—the sufferings and sacrifice of Jesus Christ with His power to save souls, the baptism of His tender loving compassion, the endument of the Holy Ghost; God's willingness and ability to save all mankind; how to save souls, how to keep them, and make them into fighting soldiers, and other important subjects were dealt with.

Each meeting seemed to increase in liberty and power, the officers seemed to take in heartily and intelligently all that was being said.

As we looked upon the faces of those thirty odd dear native officers, our souls were filled with thankfulness and praise to God, and, oh, how we wished that our beloved General, or Chief, or plodding Commissioner Railton, with some of those dear auxiliary friends who have so nobly helped us financially, could have been present with us and have seen, as we saw, some of the cheering results of the past fifteen or sixteen months' work and expenditure! I am sure each one would have felt, not only highly repaid for the part they had played in achieving these results, but their hearts would have exclaimed, "Let me double every past effort in trying to bless and save India's millions."

But the work does not stay here; these dear native officers are being trained and moulded to carry on the fight, and thus raise up multitudes of others who, catching the spirit of real love and zeal, will in their turn unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross and march forward to the conquest of all India for Jesus.

Each meeting of the council was a time of rich blessing and power; but we had all looked forward with peculiar interest and faith to the half-night of prayer that was to bring the council to a close. As we ended the meeting previous to the half-night, the Major requested that every one should spend some time in prayer on behalf of this meeting.

As we came together we felt the blessed, hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit very powerfully in our midst, and as we started with the Tamil translation of

"Come, Thou burning Spirit, come,"

the sense of God's nearness increased.

Each speaker dealt pointedly with full surrender and consecration and the need of the Holy Ghost, to make us saviours of mankind. The mind and heart of each officer seemed to

FIRMLY LAY HOLD OF GOD'S PROMISE.

As the Major brought the meeting to a point, and invited all to go in and get that supplied which the Holy Spirit made clear to them they were in need of, twelve or fourteen came forward to lay themselves on the altar afresh for God and souls; then all stood up, and there, in the presence of God, vows were made to Him to fight for India's millions until death.

Reader, pray with us that not only may that band be enabled to stick true and fight, but pray that ere we have the privilege to report another such council, it may be doubled and doubled again, by true, holy, blood-and-fire warriors who, filled with the Holy Ghost, shall help to rid poor dark-burdened India of its sin and misery, and shall bring the kingdom of God to the hearts of many of its millions.

The "dodgers" given out at a recent meeting in South Africa, contained this advice, "Everybody be sure and come early, and bring your own chairs with you." Chairs of many descriptions were brought. The hall was packed, and thirteen souls sought salvation.

GERMANY.

CAPT. W. H. JORDAN.

Germany has been rightly termed the Fatherland of thought, and almost in all branches of knowledge she has unquestionably taken the lead.

Astronomers, historians, poets, painters, and musicians, have made themselves illustrious, and theologians, too have made a mark, but somebody has said its needs the resurrection of Luther to cause another reformation. If this was possible I believe he would join the Salvation Army, and cause the whole of the German confederation to hear of the one all-important theme far more valuable than science and art—salvation.

Yes! a reformation must be accomplished, and "Die Heils Armee" have entered in the name of the Lord, and songs of victory shall resound throughout this remarkably beautiful country, presenting thick forests, fertile plains, vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain

AMONG THE FORTRESSES OF NATURE,

ornamented with populous cities and flourishing towns and villages.

"A blending of all beauties, streams and dells, fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine."

From this beautiful, yet at present our hardest battle field, comes a Christmas greeting from a little handful who have commenced a campaign that will doubtless be foremost in time to come.

This is evident, for our comrades can already rejoice over decided progress in town, village, and hamlet, even though our meetings suffer much through severe ecclesiastical and police persecution.

One of our women warriors reports, under such peculiar and trying circumstances, "I am greatly blessed in visiting, especially when reading and praying with the dying. It does do my heart good to hear them gasp with gratitude, 'Do come again.'"

Another writes, "The singing seemed to me so hard and dragging, with my cough between, but the dear Lord cheered our hearts by giving us two souls, elderly working men; they have an hour's walk every night to and from the meetings. Last night they gave a very clear testimony, and faced a laughing,

MOCKING CROWD OF YOUNG FELLOWS.

"A very interesting feature in connection with our meetings is the intense attention of the audiences, and we never have the same congregations; strangers are constantly coming to see the Army for themselves.

"Of course we suffer severe criticism while on the other hand the hearts of some are open to us at once, as in the case of a bright young girl professedly a Catholic, but who was too taken up with pleasure to go often to mass, came to the Heils Armee, couldn't stay away and eventually came to the penitent form and got blessedly saved with six others, the fruit of an extraordinary week of blessing in Stuttgardt."

All this makes us more confident that Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Schaff and the small but noble band of warriors will have their day of victory, for which they have heroically fought for two years, and who still go on with a will and determination to conquer.

Thus, thank God, the German empire shall be as full of light and salvation as it is to-day of ungodliness and unbelief.

DIVISIONAL REPORT

T. H. Division.

TORONTO I. (Richmond Street).—Cadet. Harris. Bless God! This morning we can report victory at old Richmond Street. Although just our first week here it has been a week of blessing. Tuesday night at our soldiers' meeting God sent showers of blessings and everybody got happy and free. Wednesday night was a time of power and while Captain was telling of God's wonderful power to save all that came to Him, one precious soul fell at the foot of the Cross and of course he arose a new man in Christ Jesus. Thursday and Friday nights God was indeed with us and filled us with Himself. Sunday meetings, all day, were grand, the spirit of God rested mightily on the people and one after another came till four precious souls were seeking pardon at the mercy seat and all rose to their feet rejoicing in having their sins forgiven. We are going in more desperately than ever to help to extend the kingdom of our God and defeat the devil on every hand. Amen.

TORONTO II. (Lippincott Street).—Capt. L. Keetch. The Lippincott Lads are still shouting (of course the lasses don't shout). Oh, what a noisy lot they are, and you would just enjoy seeing them dance (if you are saved) for I tell you they have something to make them dance and shout. God has been doing great things for us and no wonder we make a noise. We are in for victory and God does not disappoint us. The devil don't like us one bit but there is no love lost, we are too busy to listen to any of his suggestions, glory be to God. "Saved from all sin" is our war cry and song. The Lippincott soldiers are marching along. Last Monday night Col. Bailey enrolled seventeen new recruits, they looked like full fledged soldiers, some of them were in uniform and had worn it long enough to feel quite at home in it too, hallelujah to Jesus. Since last report five precious souls and seven backsliders have found peace. God is working wonders, the people are feeling the power of God even while at their work and in answer to prayer God is keeping the sinners in pickle, Hallelujah. The soldiers have been seeing visions and one brother saw thirty-five souls at the penitent form, so look out for next report. So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train, all the world shall hear us as fresh converts we gain. Hurry up, sinner, and get saved, you're missing all the fun and running the risk of missing heaven for eternity.

TORONTO IV. (Yorkville). — Lieut. Isnor. Since taking charge of this corps God has been with us, we have seen five souls come to Jesus. We are sowing the seed and we believe a glorious harvest shall be reaped here yet. There are some difficulties, some discouragements, but we are depending upon God who is able to give the victory.

TORONTO V. (Riverside). — Capt. Dawson. We are very thankful to God for what He is doing in our midst, we are able to rejoice over backsliders coming home to their Father's house, and just like Jesus, He is putting them right. We are able to report progress both in our own souls and in the souls of others, Hallelujah! We give God all the glory and march on.

TORONTO VIII. (Arthur Street).—Capt. Staples. Praise God, this morning we are on the rise, not only in numbers but our own souls are being much blessed while we are trying to bless others. Yesterday God was very near all day. Oh, what floods of blessing we had and as backsliders, outcasts, and sinners of various kinds all came to the same Saviour, making nine in number. The shouts of glory burst out from every loyal soldier's heart. More prayer and more faith brought the victory, and as our new brothers and sisters rose from their knees with tears running down their cheeks we had to cry too and we were led to say, "Well, this is a regular breaking down, smashing up time."

Toronto Division.

BOWMANVILLE. — Lieut. Hewett. Truly the Lord has been very near all the way through the last week, and has given victory. God has come very near and has saved two souls, to Him we give all the glory, we are glad that our God is mighty to save.

COURTICE.—Capt. P. Cornell. Praise God for victory, the past week has been a week of continual victory, thank God for one precious soul who has been long feeding on the husks of the world has come back to the fold. And have testified to having found Christ. Sunday was very wet all day. only a few of the comrades could get out on account of the rain, it was a sort of a Holiness time to us all day. A regular feast, praise God. Some of the weak ones have got set at liberty, not only in soul, but hands and feet, the Spirit has had them to jump and shout for joy. Look out for victory in the future, the devil shall be defeated, Christ shall reign.

GEORGETOWN. — Capt. Sheppard. Our motto is victory or death, and with this Spirit we are sure to conquer. Since last report our hearts have been made glad by seeing two hearts burdened, one fell at the feet of Jesus, and accepted Him as their Saviour.

MILTON.—Capt. Turner. When we came here the devil told us there was no use of us trying to do anything here. and we said no of course not, but we are just going to let God work, and we will be the tools for Him to work with. So we just waited upon God and done just the things He wanted us to do. and we have had victory in our own souls all the way along. Yesterday (Sunday), being a wet day the attendance was small, but God wonderfully took hold of the people, and at night two prodigals yielded and came home to their Father, who was patiently waiting the return of His lost sons. To God be all the Glory.

PICKERING.—Capt. Eva Pettigrew. Thank God we are still alive in this place, and doing God's will, although we cannot report souls being saved, yet God's spirit is convicting, and we believe before long some will come to the Saviour in spite of the devil, we're nicely saved, glory be to God.

RICHMOND HILL.—Capt. Hendricks. We warriors of Richmond Hill are gaining victory after victory all along. God is helping us wonderfully in every way, and making us more than a match for our adversary. We are having powerful meetings. God's spirit is moving the people to a sense of their danger, some are feeling very wretched on account of their sins. Yesterday meetings were times of power, God sent the glory and filled us with His spirit, and we had the victory for one precious soul came to Jesus and was made very whit whole. Hallelujah.

SEATON.—Capt. N. Cooke. Hallujah! It is good to be free. Although we have been closed up for some time, we are on the war-path again, having good meetings since opening. Three souls have found their Saviour. We mean to fight on feeling sure of victory.

Peterboro' Division.

CAMPBELLFORD. —Capt. Campbell. As we look back over the past week we can say it has been one of victory. Monday we visited a sick sister in the country, she had wandered away from the fold, she came back and promised never to doubt God's word any more. Wednesday another sister came to God. Friday a wandered came home. Yesterday (Sunday), it rained all day, 15 of us marched out in the afternoon, many looked on in wonder, but we do it all for Jesus, at night a professor sought God. We give Him all the glory.

CANIFTON.—Capt. A. Miles. Thank God this morning finds us well saved, all saved, we find some people here that think that they are a little bit saved, we pray that God may fully save them. Although this is a very little place, there is a great big devil here, and we are nibbling away at him, and he feels terribly [illegible] present, no doubt you have [illegible] the man amongst the [illegible] ripped and tore and [illegible] acknowledged Jesus to be the [illegible] and was possessed with a [illegible] and you fully believed that [illegible] a man, our faith has been [illegible] sight, would you like to [illegible] way.

COBOURG.—Capt. Deans, [illegible] had the Household Troops' Band [illegible] for Sunday and Monday, and [illegible] been a great blessing to us, Glory [illegible] God. We also had a public [illegible] Monday, but on account of the [illegible] her there was not a large crowd [illegible] those who did come enjoyed [illegible] the "Hallelujahs," and there [illegible] and to spare. One of our most [illegible] merchants said they are a [illegible] S. A. One brother in testify[illegible] "since I gave God my heart, I have [illegible] meals a day, a bite by the way and [illegible] go hungry to bed." We are bound [illegible] Hallelujah.

FENELON FALLS.—Capt. [illegible] our arrival at the Falls, we found [illegible] cold house and the table set with dirty dishes, some butter and [illegible] bread, froze as hard as the [illegible] freeze it at that time, but thank [illegible] some wood. So we soon [illegible] and in a short time things began to [illegible] home. Glory to God. Since [illegible] one brother tired of wandering [illegible] his Father's house returned back [illegible] and his father met him with out[illegible] arms. Hallelujah.

HASTINGS.—Capt. C. Bates. [illegible] lujah. we are rising, and the [illegible] acquainted with the fact too, [illegible] his chief agents did all they possibly [illegible] to upset our meeting yesterday aft[illegible] We are glad to say, however, some of his servants have been captured [illegible] and are very happy since this change took place, we are pleased to [illegible] the people are taking more interest [illegible] Army. And that our church [illegible] getting more fire, may the Lord [illegible] all more fire. Amen. We had [illegible] on Wednesday evening some [illegible] from Warkworth. The meeting [illegible] through went with a swing, and [illegible] close one sister surrendered herself [illegible] We are glad to say that those who [illegible] lately been converted, are going in for [illegible] and souls. Lord save every sinner [illegible] place, is our prayer.

KINMOUNT.—Capt. Laird. "[illegible] more than conquerors." Hallelujah [illegible] rejoice this morning in Jesus as the [illegible] our of mankind. The weeks we have [illegible] here have indeed been victorious [illegible] Not only have the soldiers and myself [illegible] drawn nearer God, but some of the [illegible] tians who attend our meetings have [illegible] the power of God in a definite [illegible] Although it rained hard all day [illegible] it did'nt hinder a goodly number [illegible] from coming to Holiness meeting. [illegible] of the soldiers walked over three [illegible] through the rain, and indeed [illegible] with us. Not only are we taught by [illegible] word that "Faith without Works is [illegible] but we have learnt it, and have also proved by certain failure every time, therefore, knowing that "work" is [illegible] to the rescuing of souls, put aside all [illegible] ing hindrances and do work. Praise [illegible] His power with faith and works com[illegible] has accomplished what we were [illegible] striving for. At this place, and the [illegible] posts eight have stepped out on the [illegible] and got under the blood. Three [illegible] yesterday. Hallelujah.

LINDSAY.—Capt. Ludgate. [illegible] night we closed the meeting with [illegible] of praise, having had a good day [illegible] souls, the afternoon meeting was a [illegible] power. The Holiness meeting will [illegible] membered for some time, by one of [illegible] at least, as she came and gave herself to God, a small crowd came to [illegible] but the Lord met with us, and gave [illegible] blessing. Saturday night, and [illegible] came D. O. Marshall for the meeting to spend Sunday with us, we had a [illegible] [illegible] in the open-air, and the [illegible]

[illegible] faith. A nice little crowd came [illegible] Captain lecture on Thursday [illegible] the coffers were replenished by [illegible] as a result. The Wednesday [illegible] Holiness meeting at the barracks [illegible] was a profitable time to all [illegible] came, in fact the past week all has been a real good one. But [illegible] been only one soul forward, still [illegible] to the Lord for a harvest of [illegible] in the near future. Keep believing.

[illegible]BOROUGH.—Lieut. Binning-[illegible] Thank God this morning finds us [illegible] and fighting for God. Hallelujah. Since coming here we can report [illegible] in our own souls and over the devil. [illegible] here on Friday, 7th, God did [illegible] bless us in our meeting. Good Sunday from 7 a.m., until ten at [illegible] The Spirit of God rested on the [illegible] and the people were made to [illegible] their lost condition, many were in [illegible] none would yield. Monday night [illegible] in the meeting, and one back[illegible] returned to her father, and Jesus [illegible] in, forgave the past and set her on [illegible] rejoicing. On Thursday another [illegible] returned to the fold. We close [illegible] with two prodigals won for the [illegible] To God we give all the glory.

[illegible] PERRY.—Capt. Carrey. Since [illegible] report we have had some blessed [illegible] our God has given us sufficient [illegible] to battle against sin. On Sunday [illegible] liberty, and the word was with [illegible] Oh! Praise God He is always true [illegible] word. The poor sinner trembled, [illegible] all those who have been convicted [illegible] turn, what a change there would [illegible] in Port. One poor old man came [illegible] penitent form, so miserable, but [illegible] not understand the peace of salvation [illegible] too drunk. Oh the slavery of sin, [illegible] rejoicing in freedom ourselves, yet [illegible] sad as we see what the enemy is [illegible] with those he has deluded. Oh that [illegible] would consider what the end will

[illegible]hatham Division.

[illegible]THWELL.—Capt. A. Slote. The [illegible] was very wet and stormy and [illegible] some people saying it was very [illegible], but we Salvationists went forth with our souls swelling with joy [illegible] in real blood-and-fire style. "All [illegible] will soon be over." It did us [illegible] see some of the dear soldiers work [illegible], and not without effect, we could [illegible] viction stamped on many faces and [illegible] sorrow rolling down the cheeks of [illegible] unregenerate. We felt God's pre[illegible] in an extraordinary manner all day [illegible], though raining all day our sal[illegible] being neither sugar nor salt, was [illegible] lost nor injured. We believe in [illegible] and believing for sinners every [illegible] rain or fair, in the open-air we fight [illegible] our might.

[illegible]SDEN.—Capt. Jos. Jones. We [illegible] rived here and taken charge of this [illegible] the strength of King Jesus. The [illegible] we marched out to the number [illegible]. A good crowd had assembled at [illegible] racks where we had a blessed meeting. We have found since coming here a [illegible] hearted lot of soldiers and friends, [illegible] them. Sunday being a wet day [illegible] many turned out, but God was [illegible] and two young men held up their [illegible] at the night meeting for our prayers, [illegible] their need of Christ, Lord save [illegible] If we are true to our vows, com[illegible] many souls shall be won for God.

[illegible]SEX CENTRE. — Cadet Goodall. [illegible] War Cry, we can write victory [illegible] the past two weeks fighting. We [illegible] nounced three days special meetings. [illegible] home banquet and farewell to [illegible] istant. From the first meeting to [illegible] night, God gave us the witness of [illegible] sence. Sunday all day, the power [illegible] rested upon us. Holiness meeting [illegible] souls found the penitent form for a work of grace. Afternoon and night, [illegible] a dreadful rain storm, very good [illegible] and blessed meetings, especially at [illegible] volunteers were asked for, some seven or eight came out. Hallelujah. Monday night grand meeting, jubilee and harvest home, a number officers and soldiers from surrounding corps, one soul saved, glory to God. But the all-night of prayer was the crowning time, from the very start and the power came, every one nearly got liberty. Some wept, others danced and shouted, but it did not all end in enthusiasm, for quite a number came out to the table, and afterwards testified to what God had done for them. The Lord has been leading us on in spite of every hindrance, especially in our Holiness meetings, for we believe in a pure life. We have had some nearly every meeting, as a mother said Sunday morning as candidates for holiness. Last Sunday afternoon some grand testimonies. One brother said he felt like weeping (and he did cry), when he thought of the change in his life. This morning he said I had the Knee-drill at my house, very different company to what I used to have. Sunday morning I used to seek for the worst of men to get a bottle of whiskey, but things have changed completely around since I got saved in the great S. A. Another Christian brother in speaking about how glad he was the Army ever came to Essex Centre. Said "some people think them childish, but I often think that is just were they have the start of us."

We are going in to win for Jesus.

WOODSLEE.—Lieut. Marshall. We can shout victory over sin, flesh, and the devil, Hallelujah! We mean to fight on for we have no desire of turning back whatever. The devil would like very much to upset us but we know as long as we live right and do what is right we shall conquer through the Blood. Sunday's meetings were a day of blessing and power, God spoke to many hearts but they would not yield, they still listened to the devil. The prayer of our hearts is, "Lord, save the people.

Hamilton Division.

BRONTE. — Lieut. McHarg. This morning we can praise God for victory in our own souls, although the fight is real hard against sin and wickedness, and as we deliver God's message time after time to those who once feasted at our Father's table, who seem to be so hardened and careless, we pray that God may wake them up to see the awful doom that awaits them. We mean to fight on and do all we can to bring precious souls to the feet of Jesus. Amen.

DELHI.—Capt. Tillie Boyle. Truly we can shout victory through the blood of the Lamb. This week we have seen two precious souls come to the sin-cleansing Fountain and get their heavy burdens rolled away. Good meetings all week. Sunday night our hall was crowded and we could see conviction stamped on the people. We are believing to see a lot of the Delhi people come to the Saviour before long.

DUNVILLE. — Capt. Merrett. This morning finds us still praising God for victory through another week and rejoicing in a God who knows no defeat, Hallelujah! Things are not very bright as far as the fight is concerned but we are faithfully doing our duty and feel confident God will own and bless our labors in the salvation of souls. We have felt His presence very precious and find it good to serve our Jesus under all kinds of circumstances. It seems very hard to reach the people and most of them are very indifferent about their souls yet we mean to watch and pray and do all we can to win some of them for our Saviour and King. Everybody pray for Dunville.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Capt. Wilkinson. We have to praise God for His goodness to us in the past week, and the victory we have won for God. Since we have been here the people have been so kind to us, I never saw or got among such kind people as they are at the Falls. Some people said that lads would never do here, that things would soon go to pieces. So they are, the devil's kingdom is going to pieces, glory to God. We have had a constant victory since coming here. One of the last converts is an old man fifty-six years of age, he has been coming to the meetings ever since the Army came here and at last found Jesus and he marches and tells the people God is good. Everybody is kind to us here, even the rough boys, and we are believing for some of them. Two souls sought and found Jesus last night (Sunday). Our holiness meetings are getting good, holy living is the secret of success May God keep us down.

WATERDOWN.—Capt. Cargill. Just a few lines to let you know we are advancing in Waterdown. God is blessing us and keeping us well saved right in this little valley. Our meetings all day Sunday were very powerful and in the afternoon one poor miserable backslider returned to the Saviour, who freely forgave the past and gave perfect peace where once 'twas sorrow. We pray God may set His seal upon her and keep her true. Our holiness meeting was grand, seven feeling their need of more of God came out and God met with them and great victory was the result. We mean to go on trusting in our great King who fights our battles and in His strength we shall conquer.

Kingston Division.

ENTERPRISE.—Lieut. Lizzie Medlock. Just a few lines to tell you how we are getting along here. Glory be to God forever we can shout victory through the blood of the Lamb. Since we have been here the Lord has been our helper and our hearts rejoice over two souls crying to God for mercy, and wonderful meetings and times of refreshing. To God we give the glory. Victory or death is our motto. We mean to win the people of Enterprize for Jesus, Hallelujah!

KINGSTON.—Capt. Creighton. During the past week we have had some good times, but, sad to relate, very few souls. True, one body was found at the penitent form but it remains yet to be seen if he will rise to the help of our God against the mighty: also one sister who could not pray nor have liberty to testify in public, came out and next day she testified that it had been the happiest of her experiences. I say, sisters, get free soon. The wet weather on Sunday hindered our crowds some; however, we took a good march around to see them and the dear soldiers seemed to take the tramping through the mud quite good-natured. Praise God for a salvation that enables one to take everything from God and therefore we are always happy, knowing that our Father doeth all things well.

ODESSA.—Capt. A. Rowan. Since coming here God has been revealing Himself to my soul and His promise, "My presence shall go with thee whithersoever thou goest," is mine blessed be God. We find here hearts stained with sin, weary and heavy laden yet unable to cast their all at the feet of their Lord. God is answering prayer, His spirit is working and we believe souls shall be the outcome. God grant it.

SEELEY'S BAY.—Capt. Mary White. Praise the Lord this morning we are nicely saved and have the victory in our own souls. Since coming here we have not seen one soul coming to the Cross and crying for mercy, yet in other ways God has given us the victory. We do all we can and leave it in God's hands and we believe we shall reap if we faint not.

YARKER.—Capt. Hazle. Just a few lines to remind you that the faithful few of Yarker are dealing out the precious truths to the Yarkerites. The devil kicks but right must prevail, we feel they cannot hold out much longer. Rev. Mr. Clark, of the Free Methodist fame, has been giving us a lift this last few days. Oh, for more of the blood-and-fire spirit. We are still determined to fight on and not give the devil any quarter

Until our Redeemer reigns and the devil is in chains,
And the saints all shout for gladness in the sky.

Montreal and Quebec Division.

DANVILLE.—Capt. Cardiff. Victory is our batle cry and one soul won for our Master, many wounded and sick of sin. Lieut. Meeks got orders to go to another part of the field to work, he leaves many warm friends here that I am sure will wish him "God's speed," and pray God to bless him in all he may do for the Lord. We will all get home bye and bye.

Take us, Lord, oh take us truly,
Mind and soul, and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill,

Lord we ask it, hardly knowing,
What this wondrous gift may be:
But fulfil to overflowing
Thy great meaning let us see.

KNOWLTON, P. Q.—Capt. Towell. Hallelujah! we are marching under the good old Army flag, and Jesus is our leader. Our meetings at out-posts have have been good this week and grand crowds. At Brume where the work has been rolling on for months the devil has put it in the hearts of some of his soft-soaped followers to close the school house against us, his excuse is that there are so many roughs come to our meetings that they shake the plaster of the building. God bless the people they term "roughs," they are just the people the Lord came to seek and save. But no sooner was the building closed than a hall was offered us at one out-post, and at the other a friend offered his home. He has got some of the old-time religion. Thank the Lord there are some who like to see the work of God go on. Meetings at station good all day Sunday and deep conviction, yet no one yielded.

MONTREAL I — Capt. Bryce. On Thursday night we had a Salvation Army Temperance meeting, and a most blessed time we had. After several saved drunkards had testified to the saving and keeping power of God, not only from drink, but every sin. Then we had a few words from acting Mayor Clendening, Mr. Dougall, proprietor of the *Witness*, Mr. Duff, auctioneer, also Mr. Tees, each one giving their opinion, believing the S. A. to be the greatest Temperance movement under heaven. Crowds came to the meeting and a large number were business men that had never been inside our hall before, but we believe are not going to stay away now. On Friday night a large number came out for God to deliver them from all sin, and be His entirely for evermore. Also some for pardon, one a dear old man with grey hair who is very near his grave, said he thought it nigh time he was converted, God saved him and he has been marching ever since and telling the people the good news. On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock our penitent form was lined with some of the very worst kind of men, men who had gone as far in sin as it was possible for them to go. yet when they cried to our God He gave a listening ear to them and some got saved, others are coming again to understand more about salvation. One, a tall, fine young man over six feet in height, as soon as he opened his mouth his speech betrayed him. for we could at once tell he had been well educated and seen better days, and after speaking to him I soon learnt that he had come from a good family of this city.

After a little bracing up he felt much better and told the people that he intended to live for God now, and to do his level best to get back to the place where he had fallen from. Afternoon m[ee]ting was one that I could not close. As soon as I attempted to close three or four would jump to their feet and shout the praises of God, and the Christians would say, "Keep it up, Captain, there is liberty here," and indeed of a truth we felt it, for where the spirit of the Lord is there is lib[e]rty. Nearly one hundred testified to the power of God including forty that have lately started. After a while we closed with some one in the fountain and the bells of paradise ringing. The march at night was grand, seventy-five blood-and-fire soldiers marching through some of the worst streets of the city singing with all their hearts, "Turn to the Lord and seek salvation," also sixteen bandsmen doing their best to cheer some poor hearts. Large crowd followed us to the hall and a blessed time we had, but at last the devil upset the meeting and no one was saved, but the devil must look out this week for we mean victory.

QUEBEC II—(English)—Capt. Steel. We shall reap if we faint not, Quebec No. 2 holds this promise dear. Fighting here is not of the easiest kind, although our throats don't get hurt with open-air work. Yet we prove to those who are born in the fire it takes more grace to see how many attractions the world can have to drag people to hell and feel that you have not the privilege of being as out-and-out for to get them to turn their eyes from the world to God, but the Lord blesses the faithful few with enduring grace, hallelujah! This past week our hearts have been rejoiced over three souls coming on the Lord's side. Don't forget us in your prayers, comrades, for the fervent prayer of the righteous shall avail.

WATERLOO—Capt. Cunningham. The battle still rages in Waterloo, and the King's braves march on conquering as they go. Still without a hall, but not without Jesus, glory to His name. Our meetings are indeed times of blessing and power, and souls are blessed and quickened by the Spirit. On Saturday evening the saved Irish policeman, who spent a year in Kilmainham Jail, Dublin, Ireland, and saw the Phœnix Park murderers who were hung during his stay there, together with Carey the informer, gave his experience. A very fair and attentive audience greeted us at the town hall, and all were blessed and well satisfied with the story which was intensely interesting. God was honored and glorified, and all convinced that in Him there is one mighty to save and mighty to keep. Even Roman Catholics were led to see that the grace of God and the salvation of our Saviour can and does alter the lives of men, one of them showed his appreciation by giving us a quarter besides paying for a ticket for admission, praise the Lord. Beautiful times on Sunday, our place crowded out and one soul properly saved at the evening meeting. Mighty victories ahead. Look out old devil we are on your track, through Christ we shall win.

RICHMOND—Lieut. B. Crosby. Although our victories of the week are not as great as we would have liked, yet our hearts are rejoicing over one soul who volunteered last night for Jesus. The devil does work hard in this place to hinder souls from getting saved, but holy living with lots of prayer and faith will bring the victory, and victory we are bound to have through the Blood of the Lamb.

North-West & British Columbia Division.

CALGARY.—Capt. Will.

This being Monday morning,
When things are all put straight,
And with the other work we've got
A War Cry report to write,
Since last you heard from Calgary,
Two souls to Christ have come,
And in the blood of Jesus
Have washed and made them clean.
Now from off the platform,
They tell of God and Heaven,
And of the peace and comfort
That Jesus Christ has given.
So in the strength of Jesus
We're marching on to war,
And with the strength
God gives to us the will,
To try and win some more.

CARBERY.—Capt. Coats. After saying good-bye to my comrades at Creemore and spending a few days at Brandon to assist Capt. Fletcher I received orders to proceed to Carbery to open fire on the 15th. I arrived in good time, secured a room, borrowed a stove, and found Cadet White, the hallelujah carpenter, had already finished the platform in the school house secured for our meetings. After getting things nearly squared up along came Cadet Leech with a comrade from Neepawa to assist in the firing of the first shot. The evening train brought along two comrades from Portage la Prairie, which made quite a crowd—five with good lungs. We were all anxious for the start after some prayer and asking of God to guide us in this very important step, we left the hall for the Main street full of faith. It seemed rather queer to march without drums or timbrells. It was quiet, the Cadet's cornet helped considerable by taking turn about. On reaching the Main street we found a lot of people gathered to listen; after some prayer and testimonies we made our way to the hall, found a nice audience of nearly all young men, who listened very attentively and gave us their best attention. God worked in many hearts but no one yielded. We commenced at 7 a.m. Sunday, had a good time to our souls. A march and open-air at 10.30, which brought quite a number of our Saturday night congregation from the hotels. The meeting was straight and plain. After dinner and some talk to Father we left the hall again for the benefit of the poor sinners, had a good time between the two hotels, the inmates turned out good and listened very attentively to the choruses and testimonies. God bless them. The night march and meeting was grand, the hall being packed full. God came very near and several were under deep conviction but no one gave up. God bless them! We are getting nicely acquainted and find some good people, especially while out borrowing bed clothes on Saturday night. We mean to live for God and the people of Carbery.

EMERSON.—Capt. Tierney. Behold God is our salvation; we will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is our strength. We have been sowing the seed for some time and not seeing the visible results, we left it all with Him, knowing that He has told us to cast our bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days. We have been believing for a break in the ranks of the enemy. One soul whom he had in bondage has been set at liberty through the all-atoning blood of Christ. Had a blessed time to our souls all day yesterday, the table was well spread for breakfast and having a splendid appetite we had a share of the good things. One brother said he had quite a struggle with the devil whether he would come to knee-drill or stay at home and rest, but he got the victory and came and received a bumping blessing. Holiness meeting a real heart-searching time, God came very near and blessed us much. Free-and-easy testimonies called for in the afternoon, some red hot shots were sent off and many were wounded and will have to come to the Great Physician for healing. A powerful meeting at night, many felt their sinful and lost condition yet went away rejecting and refusing to give up sin. Oh, may God save the people of Emerson ere it is too late is our prayer.

MOOSE JAW.—Capt. Iverach. We are still fighting on here in the strength of our King, if we were doing it in our own [illegible] ago but we have put on the whole armor of God, therefore we are able to withstand the fiery darts of the devil. The fight is still hard here but we feel sure that victory will come for He has promised we shall reap if we faint not, so we are going on and leaving the results with Him. We have not seen any come out for a long time but quite a few are thinking about it and our prayer is that they will feel the weight of their sins so much that they will have to come to the Cross for pardon. Amen.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Capt. Greatorex. We are still alive in this part of God's vineyard, the majority of the people here don't want the Master of the vineyard to have possession, they want to do away with Him altogether as the people our blessed Saviour talked about in the parable, still He has a few servants who say He shall hold possession, and, praise God, while one man was standing idle in the market place the Master called him, and praise God, he did not refuse but came to our precious Saviour and had his guilt taken away. He had been living a moral life, even making a profession, but the word of God pierced his soul, being backed by the Holy Ghost, and he felt that he was a poor weak helpless sinner. Our soldiers are getting fired by the Holy Ghost and things are beginning to move, before long we expect God to rend the heavens and see the mountains of sin and selfishness flow down at His presence. Our faith runs high for God to glorify Himself in this place as it needs moving by the spirit of God to make the dry bones live. This is the victory even our faith.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. — Cadet Fraser. Bless the Lord! We feel we can bless Him for His wonderful goodness to us and for the peace, joy and victory we have through the blood of the Lamb. The past week has been one of blessing to our souls, we have got nearer to God than ever before and feel more determined to pull down the strong holds of the devil. "Do you march in the very cold weather?" asked a citizen. "Yes." Oh, they thought that was dreadful. I was thinking how the devil would like us to keep inside on a stormy night. The soldiers are going in for more of God and Father does not disappoint them, praise His name. We have had good meetings all week, the people are convicted but they keep putting it off. God help them and save them is our prayer. Sunday morning holiness meeting was one of great blessing, five precious souls came to Jesus for a full salvation and testified to God having cleansed their hearts from all sin, glory be to Jesus. We are believing for greater victories than ever and with Jesus as our Leader we shall win.

VICTORIA.—Capt. A. Harris. Another week has passed and with it all the chances for doing good or evil. Although the devil tares away it makes no difference to the King's sons and daughters, we go on and never mean to give over or give in but go straight ahead looking on to the great Captain that never lost a battle. We see enough of the devil's work in this place and we are more disgusted with him than ever. Oh, it does make our hearts ache when we see how the people of this city will be so led on by the devil. The one prayer of our hearts is, "Oh, Lord, help us more than ever to wake these people up to the sense of their danger." Although the people seem to care so little about their never dying souls they do not forget our bodies in seeing that they are well cared for and we trust if they are not saved they will come and lay their all at the foot of the Cross of Christ as they did the provisions on the door step in our prayer. We are also glad to report three souls since our last and more to follow.

WINNIPEG.—Cadet Gage. We are still sticking at it in Winnipeg and in spite of the devil we're nicely saved. Our meetings have been very good during the past week although our numbers have not been very large, yet the Lord has been with us and blessed our efforts. We have delivered the message to the people just as the Lord [illegible] until Sunday night. As we [illegible] a memorial service over our de[illegible] Wood, who was promoted to glory [illegible] night of the 14th, one sister who [illegible] tasted of the love of God and [illegible] His power to save came back [illegible] and the dear Lord opened [illegible] took her in and she is now able [illegible] in the love she once knew. To [illegible] the glory. We are still believing for [illegible] victories and we are sure to win if we [illegible] in the strength of our King. Our [illegible] is forward for God and the right.

Eastern Division.

St. John District.

ST. ANDREWS.—Capt. E. A[illegible]. We had the joy last week of [illegible] s[ou]ls come to Jesus, and we can [illegible] you the soldiers enjoyed very [illegible] "Hallelujah wind up," as they [illegible] fighting so long without seeing [illegible] saved. We know God is going to [illegible] greater victories here soon, for the [illegible] raging, every night, sinners are looking [illegible] reality in the lives of God's [illegible] followers, and we mean to live what [illegible] profess. Jesus must have St. Andrews.

LETETE (St. George outpost).—Lieut. Fanny Shoop. Although we cannot report souls this morning, yet we know God's spirit is at work in our meetings, and are trusting Him, and believing for victory. The people of this place think they have have certain works of their own in order to get to Heaven. Our prayer to God daily is, that He may help them to understand that the Blood of Christ alone is sufficient to cleanse them from sin. We mean to do what we can in order to bring them to repentance.

ST. JOHN. I.—Staff-Capt. Totten. Two more weeks with the St. John No. 1 corps and are glad to report good news, especially this last week. God has indeed been with us, and I guess the lad felt His presence (when after spending some time in prayer on our knees last Sunday) he exclaimed it is harder to get off my knees than to get on them. Major Margretts and Staff-Capt. Cooper were with us on Wednesday in our "Soldiers' meeting." Major spoke on "power," telling us of Samson, of how his power (or strength) laid in his hair, he said our power would be in our lives and if we would, we could be powerful men and women for God. Our "Holiness meeting" on Friday night was a grand time. We talked about God's "peculiar people." One old lady got wonderfully happy, and when she got a talking some of us wondered when she would finish. We gave the invitation for those who would surrender their all to God, to come forward. Our dear brother who had been a true soldier once and used to wear the uniform, volunteered out, still professing to be saved, but said he: I got wrong in my soul because the devil told me I was a little too peculiar, and so I left off my uniform and believed him. Oh! We thought how many there are like this brother, listen to the devil and give in to him. But we are glad to report he got the victory on his knees, and then testified and gave us a war dance, and we were glad to see him on Saturday in full uniform and ready to do anything. On Saturday night two sailors came and gave God their hearts, and turned up like real soldiers all day Sunday. We had an open-air beside their vessel, and God was present with us. The total number of souls was five.

SUSSEX.—Capt. Maggie Kneel[illegible]. When we came to Sussex the Saviour came with us of course, and He has stayed blessed and helped us ever since coming. Bless His name for ever, we find Jesus has a lot of well saved people here, but there are still many who need a thorough washing in the fountain of Jesus blood. Although there seems to have been little done in the hearts of the unsaved, it does not make us doubt our Saviour, for our God [illegible] sinners to His feet. All that we mean the devil to have is defeat, but victory is already ahead for King Jesus. All day Sunday we had with us Mrs. Staff-Capt. Cooper, the Spirit of the living God did indeed strive with many, conviction was stamped on their faces, but alas, none yielded. They turned about seemingly every one to his or her own way, but we believe the day is at no distance when many will cry for mercy. Jesus shall reign triumphantly.

WOODSTOCK.—Capt. A. N. Palmer. "Hallelujah," onward we go, Jesus leads the way. Monday begins with a jubilee led on by Staff-Capt. Happy Bill and wife, Capt. Jewer and Lieut. Clark. Everyone seemed in good spirits, and drank in every word while Capt. Jewer told of how God saved him, the people looked on in wonder to see the change God had made. Tuesday Soldiers' meeting led by Mrs. Cooper, which proved a profitable time. Thursday on the street, though cold outside, the fire of the Holy Ghost kept us warm in our souls, "Hallelujah." Friday God did some dealing, and Saturday we had a sing song. Sunday all day times of blessing, but the old talk "not to-night" which makes our hearts ache to hear, was told us again, we are still fighting and believing God is going to save in Woodstock, and go on singing no we never never never will give in, no we won't.

Moncton District.

AMHERST.—Capt. Smith. We have had quite a number of "big goes" in Amherst of late and are just getting settled down to solid work, and indeed there is a tremendous work before us. One of the greatest sins of this place is intemperance, but we rejoice to find among the thirty-six prisoners captured since the opening that some poor drunkard's hearts and homes have been changed and made bright and happy by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost. This encourages us to go in with renewed strength and do what we can for the salvation of souls here. We are believing for a big break soon.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Capt. Frazer. Since coming to this city we have had some blessed times and we have felt God very near in every meeting. Last week there were five precious souls came to the cross for pardon and blessed be God He rolled the burden from their hearts. Also fifteen sought the blessing of entire deliverance from sin, and since they have been testifying to perfect peace in their souls. We are believing for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people of this city and that many will be turned from the power of Satan unto God. Hard fighting and holy living shall bring the victory.

MONCTON.—Capt. Connell. It was with great expectations for big blessings that we announced the coming of Major Deakin and wife, Major Margetts and Staff-Capt. Southall to Moncton for Saturday and Sunday, and the high expectations of officers, soldiers and others were verified in getting greatly blessed and seeing souls crying for pardon. The march before the meeting Saturday night was good, headed by the "wee Majors" and silver band. This aroused the town and a large crowd came to hear the little Major farewell and to welcome the smaller one, his wife and Staff-Capt. Southall. Major Margetts led off with a good swinging song, the soldiers and congregation taking well hold. Mrs. Deakin prayed for the holy spirits' presence to help through the meeting and it came. Staff-Capt. Southall said he was glad to be back again in Moncton and he was better saved and knew more of God than he did when he was here before and he was believing to be made a big blessing to his new Divisson. Mrs. Deakin sang her new and favorite song:

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I love Thee my Saviour,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I trust but in Thee.

Major Deakin's words were few but very pointed and full of interest which took hold of the crowd. He told of his much joy in Salvation life and of the willingness to be anything to be made a blessing to people to save those who were lost. Major Margetts gave through his farewell address statistics of the wonderfull progress the Army has made in the Maratime Provinces during his stay, and all concerned praised God for the onward march we had made. He earnestly urged all present to a speedy farewell from sin, and told of the ready willingness of Christ to receive all who came unto Him, two bid farewell and came. It was with great joy in our hearts we went to our homes thanking God for such a good time. Major M. and S. C. S. left on the night train for other parts east, while Major Deakin and wife stayed with us over Sunday. What times of blessings we had, the joy of the Holy Ghost was in our hearts burning brightly all day. The *Moncton Daily Transcript* described the meetings thus: "Large and successful meetings were held in the Salvation Army barracks Saturday and Sunday. Large crowds packed the barracks yesterday and ten penitents were seeking Salvation. Major Deakin and wife, who led the meeting all day yesterday, are very earnest workers, having been connected with the Army eleven years; in his discourse last night, the Major proved himself a very able preacher, it is to be hoped the Major and his wife will soon pay Moncton another visit."

PETITCODIAC.—Lieut. Boggs. Although we cannot report souls being saved, yet we can say that God is working in our midst, and many are feeling miserable on account of sin. Tuesday night in our meeting at Pollit River (outpost) the power of God came upon the meeting, and one brother held up his hand for us to pray for him. We are having grand meetings, and our house to house visitation is proving a great blessing. We mean to die at our post.

SALISBURY.—Lieut. Osmond. I'm glad I'm saved, Hallelujah! We are still plodding along here in this little village, still on the war path; good meetings yesterday (Sunday), God was with us and He enabled us to declare the whole council of God, truly we have kept back nothing. At night a blessed time, we had our good friends the Methodists with us, but no one yielded. We are believing for a break soon, Lord move on the people, Amen. I do believe, look out for next report, and of course you will hear more of the Village War.

SUMMERSIDE.—Capt. Milner. We came here expecting victory, and thank God we are getting it. Day by day we are scattering good seed, and feel sure that very soon we shall see it spring up bearing good fruit. Last week we had with us Major Margetts, Major Deakin and wife, and their visit did indeed prove a blessing. Yesterday we felt God was in our midst, and in the evening meeting as the people listened to the old story, yet ever new, God spoke to their hearts, but still they went away thinking there was time enough. May the Lord bless and save them.

Yarmouth District.

ANNAPOLIS.—Cadet Leavitt. Glory to God, we are still happy in Jesus. Good times all week. Soldiers meeting grand and God filled our hearts with love for souls. Thursday night the long-haired prophet (Staff-Capt. Beatty) was with us and we had a blessed time. Sunday meetings good all day; rousing march and free-and-easy in the afternoon, and at night deep conviction was marked on some faces. Although we cannot report souls saved, we are sure God is working and we are believing soon to have a smash in the devil's ranks. May God save the people of this town is our prayer.

CANNING.—Capt. Crocker. The past week has been a blessed one to our souls, soldiers and christians alike waiting upon a universal God for a mighty outpouring of His spirit during our special meetings to be led by Staff-Capt. Beatty on Saturday and Sunday. Those meetings need a more ready tongue than mine to tell of their benefits and blessings—visible even, [illegible] We have seen people weep more, or laugh for joy more hearty, than our audience, but seldom have we seen the Holy Ghost work in such a wondrous way. All eyes centered on the D.O. as he let God unfold the riches of His love, and paint the miseries of a sin blighted life and the joys of those in perfect union with Christ, and as he paced the platform and strove to show how really in earnest he was not a soul could doubt it. As we watched their faces they seemed to sum themselves up, and those who were walking up to the standard smiled in approval, while others felt condemned; for their faces showed it. God alone knows the mighty work done. Sunday night was a crowning time, Judgment Day truths were presented to those blood-bought souls, and as he pleaded his God's power to save and the Blood to cleanse from all sin one soul sought its power, and we believe she got it. Glory to our God.

WESTPORT.—Capt. N. Fradsham. Victory is sure to those that are bound to have it! We can truly say God has given us the victory in many ways this past week. We have warned the people faithfully and the result is one precious soul snatched from the pit of sin. He says it is good to have Jesus with him on the water (he being a sea-captain) as well as on the land, and He is just as able to keep him there as anywhere. Lord save them all is our prayer.

Prince Edward Island District.

SOURIS.—Capt. Dora Wolters. We can say this morning that our God is with us, and has given us victory. After six months fighting with the Sussex warriors we got orders to go to St. John council, and after two blessed days with God we came to Souris. Although we have got a big devil to fight here and things at present look dark, yet we feel confident that our Christ is going to give us victory. All day Sunday God was with in power, and one poor sin-sick soul found a might Deliverer. To God be all the glory. We mean Souris for Jesus.

Halifax District.

GUYSBORO.—Capt. Allan. Good meetings all week. We announced for Saturday night a real Salvation Army meeting and I tell you the majority of the people here like the Salvation Army meetings while a few of the others are disgusted on account of the noise, but we believe before long that they too will have reason to praise God for His power to save. Sunday morning we commenced at seven o'clock, when we received blessed reviving from the hand of God. Result—eight started for the Kingdom and two prodigals returned weary, and worn and sad.

LIVERPOOL.—Capt. Cook. This week has been a busy one for us, getting acquainted and settling down to work. We have a large barracks but the crowds are so great that many have to stand. Saturday night we had a sing-song. The whiskey devil came along. We are taught that there is no music or melody in hell, and it is quite evident from the discords we heard from the back of the hall and the poor dopes of the devil don't understand it either. However, one lad who was straying away came back to our Father. Sunday we had a good time, but no one yielded. With the Blood of the Lamb and more Holy Ghost fire we believe Liverpool sinners will fall at the Saviour's feet.

OXFORD.—Capt. S. Cole. We arrived here two weeks ago Friday, and found a nice little corps of Blood and Fire soldiers, So we made ourselves right at home and went right in to do something for God. People began to get convicted, and the devil tried to stop us by breaking into our barracks and cutting both heads out of the big drum but he was mistaken as we went right on and our friends came right to the front with their donations and soon we had means enough to buy new heads. May God bless our friends who have so liberally helped us in our time of need. We are still going right on and getting the victory and looking back on the past two weeks' fighting we can rejoice over two souls, three backsliders and ten for holiness. We give all the glory to Him who got us the victory.

PUGWASH.—Lieut. Clements. Glory to God, another week has passed into eternity and we can still report victory in our own souls, although we cannot report any souls; but, hallelujah, the Lord of Hosts has been with us in great power. Grand meetings all day Sunday and as we told the people of a Saviour who is mighty to save, we could see conviction stamped on many faces yet none would yield to the striving of the Spirit. We believe ere long they shall be won for the Master. We mean to do all we can, with God's help, to bring them to the feet of Jesus. Amen.

SPRING HILL MINES.—Capt. Ted Young. We feel glad this morning that we still belong to God who is able to keep in time and in eternity all that is committed and really and truly given to Him. We have committed ourselves to Him and we are proving His power to keep. Bless His dear name, it is sweet to know this moment that the Saviour now is mine. It is only a week or two since we came here. There is a difference between St. John and Spring Hill the latter place not being nearly so large and the inhabitants are not engaged in the same employment but we find they have the same devil and we find he has the same firm hold on the majority of the people that we have hitherto met with, but we are glad we have found some people who know Christ to the joy of their soul and who are in for following the Saviour come what may. We have had some real good meetings since coming here. Sunday we commenced at seven in the morning, and so far as it lay in our power we dealt out the truth to the people but no person would come and seek Christ until the evening meeting when two poor souls felt their need of getting acquainted with God and His salvation and after pleading with God a while they professed to get it.

STELLARTON.—Capt. Prest. Councils, farewells, etc., over we at last settle down to the fight here in Stellarton. Although as yet we have not had any visible results of our labor, still we are going on with unwavering faith, cutting right and left with the sword of the Spirit, and we are confident that those already wounded will soon come to the great Physician for healing. Thank God, there is still a balm in Gilead that not only heals but makes stronger than ever. May God send along the patients for healing is our prayer.

TRURO.—Capt. Wright. We are an army that shall conquer; although opposing forces are strong and cunning our God is with us and we are His people for victory or death. After a blessed six moths with the Chatham conquerors I arrived here to help work against the foe. We had two old officers with us for first Sunday—Capts. Frazer and Cook. We saw no visible results, only as per usual the boys would have some fun, but they carried it too far and as a result three of them were brought up before the magistrate. One was fined lightly but the other two were fined a little heavier, and we can now see a damper on their fun. Up to the present six have come to God for His forgiveness. With our good friends and good soldiers we have a blessed winter's work before us and we feel confident that we shall be conquerors. Truro has a hard name but we will yet win it for God. My own experience is good; I feel God is helping me to plod on and win.

Trusting Thee ever,
Doubting Thee never,
Kept by Thy hand,
To sin no more
Trusting Thee ever,
Doubting Thee never,
Thou art my treasure
And my store.

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the WAR CRY should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple, Toronto. It must be written IN INK, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscript for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are exposed and the package marked "PRINTERS' COPY" over the address.

We cannot undertake to return rejected or unsuitable contributions.

MISSING.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All who find their friends through the "Missing Column" are requested to inform the WAR CRY Office at once. Several notices have been kept standing, and required space has been occupied to the detriment of others through neglect in this matter.

JAMES WATERWORTH, while waiting about nine months ago, with his wife and two children for a train to Coaticooke, P. Q., Canada, in the Boston and Lowell station, Boston, left them, and has not since been heard of by them. They are now living at Coaticooke and would be glad if he would return and all shall be well. If anyone knows anything of his whereabouts his wife would be glad to hear from them. 22, 12, 88.

Any information as to the whereabouts of the children of the late Frank Turner, last heard of in Halifax, N. S., will be thankfully received b. H. W. Turner, Point Edward, [illegible] 22, 12, 88.

WILLIAM MURRAY, last heard of in Port Arthur is requested to write to his mother, Mrs. Ann Murray, Plattsville, Ontario. 22, 12, 88.

CHARLOTTE and MARY HAWES, left Ipswich England, when children, fifteen years ago, and were last heard of in Toronto two years ago. They are requested to write to their brother, William Hawes, Bury Street, Stowmarket, England. 22, 12, 88.

CHARLES CHAFFER, cabinet-maker, formerly of England and late of Toronto, is requested to communicate with his brother William at 15, Lisgar st. Toronto. 22, 12, 88.

HENRY HARDING, 20 years of age, stoutly built, large mouth, prominent nose, small blue eyes, fine light brown hair, speaks English and French, who left England for Winnipeg June, 1886, by steamer "Polynesian," is requested to write to his mother. His friends will give a handsome reward to be put in communication with him. Address Captain Salvation Army, Winnipeg, or Editor WAR CRY, Toronto. U. S. and Pacific Coast Crys please copy. 22, 12, 88.

C. K. FOSTER, formerly of St. John, N. B., last heard of in Melbourne, is requested to communicate with J. H. Foster, care of Fairale & Smith, St John, N. B. Any information respecting the above will be thankfully received. Australian Crys please copy. 22, 12, 88.

JACOB C. ROGERS, formerly of Berlin, and last heard of in Kincardine, please write to your mother, Mrs. Wm. Rogers, Galt, Ontario. 22, 12, 18.

JOHN FRANCIS DUNN, formerly of Spring Hill Mines, supposed to be in Nebraska, communicate with your wife at once as she has advantageous information for you. Address Spring Hill Mines, N. S. U. S. Cry please copy. 22, 12, 88.

WILLIAM PAYNE, formerly of York England, is requested to communicate with Capt. W. Freer, S. A., Carleton, N. B., who has important information for him. 22, 12, 88.

Information wanted of Jennie Loughead, formerly of Belfast, Ireland, last address John Street, Toronto. Please communicate with her mother, Mrs. Loughead, 412, Wellington Street, Toronto. 22, 12, 88.

W. C. DUNHAM, Master Mariner, trading from United States to South America and all European ports, last heard of in Vera Cruz in March 188[illegible], was expected to be in New York the following May. Any information will be thankfully received by his sister, Martha W. Dunham, (Teacher) Watford. Ontario. U.S.A., Pacific Coast, Jamaica, Australasian, South African and all European War Crys please copy. 4, 10, '88.

Will PETER ALFRED COOKE, who left Dunnville about 16 years ago last heard of in East Saginaw please write at once to his mother, Mrs. Charlotte Wilson, Dunnville, Ont. 17, 11, '88.

GEORGE YOUNG, last heard of at Centralia, or Park Hill. Anybody knowing of his whereabouts will please communicate with his brother, Jacob Young Uxbridge, Ont. 17, 11, '88.

Information wanted of JOSEPH GOTHER. Any one knowing his whereabouts would confer a great favor by letting his folks know. He is a cigar maker and been away 8 months from home. Please write to Leon Gother, 182 Manufactory St., Point St. Charles, Montreal. 17, 11, '88.

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, who left his home in Harpsdale, Caithness, Scotland, in August, 1881, was last seen by his friends in Montreal. May 1883, on their leaving for Manitoba. His mother, who has been very ill, is anxious to hear from him or anyone who can give any information of his whereabouts please write to Capt. Iverach, Moose Jaw, Assin, N. W. T. English and U. S. A. "Crys" please copy. 17, 11, '88.

GEO. I. NEWTON, 30 years old, 6 feet high, dark complexion and black hair, who left his home in Minden 5 years ago and has not been heard from since. Your wife and 4 children are in want, please come home or write to your wife, Mrs. Annie Newton, George St., Peterboro. American "Cry" please copy. 17, 11, '88.

If this should meet the eye of AMELIA BINKS, daughter of James and Leah Binks, who went to England with her uncle and grandfather Jarvis at the age of about 4 years. Her half-brother, Thomas S. Rudd would be very glad to hear from her or from anyone knowing her. One of her uncles was a Methodist Minister, Rev. Mr. Jarvis. All "Crys" please copy. 17, 11, '88.

If this should reach the REV. JOHN WILLIAM NAPKIN M'CULLOCH or any member of his family, or any member of the family of the REV. WILLIAM M'CULLOCH, all formerly of Lurgan, Co. Armagh Ireland, they are requested to communicate with Joseph M'Culloch, 1 Cawda Street, Liverpool, Eng. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy. 8, 12, '88.

DEBORAH KING, who left England for Canada two years since is requested to write to her sister, Mrs. H. Barsden, Royal Oak, West Malling, Kent, England. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy. 8, 12, '88.

—THE RENOWNED—

Band of the "Household Troops,"

27 Instrumentalists, (Cadets in Training at the English Homes) in charge of Staff-Capt. Appleby (late of H. M. Service) will visit the following Stations in aid of the

Canadian "Sick and Wounded and "Poor Officers'" Funds.

NAPANEE,	Saturday,	January	5
KINGSTON,	Sunday and Monday,	"	6, 7
GANANOQUE,	Tuesday,	"	8
BROCKVILLE,	Wednesday	"	9
PRESCOTT,	Thursday,	"	10
CORNWALL,	Friday and Saturday,	"	11, 12
MORRISBURGH,	Sunday and Monday,	"	13, 14
W. WINCHESTER	Tuesday	"	15
KEMPTVILLE	Wednesday	"	16
PERTH	Thursday	"	17
CARLETON PLACE	Friday	"	18
OTTAWA	Saturday and Sunday	"	19, 20

The reputation of the Cadets as Musicians and Salvation Warriors has extended all round the world. Don't miss a Treat and a Blessing.

For Further Particulars see Local Announcements.

FOR GOD AND SOULS.

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

COL. AND MRS. DOWDLE

(From England),

Will visit the following Corps on the Dates affixed for Seasons of Special Revival Meetings for the Salvation of Sinners, and the Building up of God's Work and People:—

WOODSTOCK,	December 29th,	to	January	7th.
LONDON,	January 8th,	"		14th.
CHATHAM,	" 15th,	"		21st.
WINDSOR,	" 22nd,	"		28th.
ESSEX CENTRE	" 29th,		February	4th.
ST. THOMAS,	February 5th,	"		11th.
TORONTO	" 12th.			

Everyone is Earnestly Requested to Pray for Mighty God-Glorifying Results.

OUR KING MUST REIGN.

WAR IN THE WEST.

The Welsh Minstrel

WITH HIS

Troupe of Musical Salvationists

Will visit the following Corps and conduct special meetings on the dates affixed:

Naniamo	Jan.	4, 5, 6
Victoria	"	7, 8
Vancouver	"	9, 10, 11
New Westminister	"	12, 13, 14
Calgary	"	17, 18
Moose Jaw	"	20, 21

Look out for the

"WISE MEN FROM THE EAST."

STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY

—ASSISTED BY—

CAPT. HOWELL,

Will conduct Special Salvation and Holiness Meetings as under:

BRAMPTON,	Jan.	4 to 10.
GEORGETOWN	"	11 to 17.
MILTON	"	18 to 24.
ORANGEVILLE	"	25 to 31.
OWEN SOUND	Feb.	1 to 7.

Training Home Division.

ATTENTION!

Major Margetts' present address is 77 Ulster Street, Toronto.

TORONTO DIVISION.

Staff-Capt. Philpott

Will visit for Welcome Meetings the following corps:

RICHMOND HILL,	January	5, 6
UNIONVILLE,	"	7
PICKERING,	"	8
OSHAWA,	"	9
SOLINA,	"	10
HAMPTON,	"	11
BOWMANVILLE,	"	12, 13

HOLINESS,

A PAMPHLET BY

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

Plain, Practical and Exhaustive.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Every Officer will do well to make a special effort to get it into the hands of every Soldier, old and young.

BRASS BAND JOURNAL.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

No. 21. Containing, "On, Ever on to Eternity," "The Manger Lowly," "Sinner, Jesus now is Calling," "As Thy feet I fall," "Keep me Unspotted from Sin," "Christ was the Shepherd," "Hallelujah to the Lamb," "Oh, are you Saved?" "The Best Friend."

NOW READY!

Canadian S. A. Calendar

for 1889.

Price 10 Cents.

A beautiful design containing 24 Medallion Portraits of the Hindoo Contingent and Canadian Volunteers. Limited number only printed. Officers should send orders at once.

RESCUE HOME.

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE.

Mrs. Coombs begs to inform all Comrades and Friends that there is pressing urgent need of all kinds of Female clothing for the inmates of the Rescue Home, and for the outfitting of those leaving for situations. Anything in the way of cast off clothing will be thankfully received, dresses, linen, boots, etc., and material for making the same, will also be exceedingly acceptable. Please address all parcels to HEADQUARTERS, or to the RESCUE HOME, Wilton Avenue, (Cor. Victoria) Toronto.

WARM FEET FOR THE WARM HEARTED.

Mrs. Coombs informs all Friends, Officers, and Soldiers, that a kind friend having presented the Rescue Home with a Knitting Machine, they will be prepared to execute orders for knitted socks and stockings at reasonable rates. This, with their assistance, will be a means of providing occupation and instruction for the girls, and also a considerable financial aid to the Rescue Work. Write for particulars and prices.

WANTED.

A Wringing and Mangling Machine for the Rescue Home. Will any kind friend help in this direction.

Uniform Deparment.

Special Material for Fall and Winter Clothing.

SUITS	from	$ 9 00
PANTS	"	2 00
OVERCOATS	"	17 00
BEST IRISH SERGE SUITS from		19 00
ENGLISH " " "		19 00
BEST SCOTCH HEAVY SERGE		20 00
MELTON OVERCOAT (Regulation Pattern, Woollen lined).		15 00

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

JUST ARRIVED.

Brass Band Music Books for all instruments containing eighty-eight of the most popular tunes in general use, both for in door meetings and open air work. Price, 25 cents each.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Blue Woollen Womens' Jerseys made in four sizes, "Salvation Army" worked across chest, button down the front, only $1.50.

Just received, a splendid stock of NEW GUERNSEYS, for men very much improved in make and color. They are in three sizes, SMALL, MEDIUM and LARGE, only $2.

Please send orders early, also what size required.

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THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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